

The GRAIL

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The Grail

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THE GRAIL

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BETWEEN THE LINES

with

H. C. McGinnis

Democracy Requires Christian Ethics

OVERSHADOWING our other increasing problems, the Fall Elections stand out pre-eminently. The American way of life is seriously threatened and we realize that democracy, to be successful, must get more conscientious attention than we have been giving it. We are altogether too prone to accept as a democracy anything calling itself one, forgetting or disregarding the fact that, in a democracy, the government is not a body separate and apart from the citizen body, but is simply a medium of expressing majority opinion. Yet, in present day democracies, especially the larger ones, the spiritual and mental laziness of the citizens has permitted the government to become a function of certain groups and individuals who enforce their ideas upon the nation instead of fulfilling the dictates of the majority. The citizen, too deeply engrossed in worldly pleasures to exercise the eternal vigilance successful democracy demands, permits his government to fall into the hands of selfish, incompetent, and unscrupulous leaders. When these leaders fail the people, it is claimed democracy has failed, yet nothing could be farther from the truth. The fact is, the State has ceased to be a democracy and has become something else masquerading under that name.

Present day Americans do not seem to understand fully enough the principles and requirements of true democratic government; if they do, they are doubly at fault for not insisting upon their fulfillment. In the first place, democracies are the

product solely of Christian civilization. No other civilization recognizes the principles upon which true democracy functions. When a nation removes the Christianity from its government, it at once ceases to be a democracy.

France, when it turned to a Leftist government and replaced Christian principles with Communist ones, immediately ceased to be a true democracy. When France saw her error and changed back, the foundations for defeat had already been laid. France's industrial weakness was the direct product of the siren voice of Communism, under which national unity disintegrated into crass individualism, demanding higher wages for unworthy production. France, forgetting her Catholic ethics, wrongly decided that a good result could come from a wrong effort; she unwisely weakened herself in essential defense materials by extending the hand of fellowship to Communistic Spain. America, viewing sadly the broken and bloody body which was once fair France, our sister democracy, learns many lessons which will preserve America if conscientiously applied.

Since democracies are products of Christian civilization, it naturally follows that Christian ethics must be strictly practiced to make democracies succeed. To attempt to have a democracy without Christian ethics is the same as trying to have apple pie without apples. Christian ethics plainly teach that if the result is to be good, both the cause and the method of obtaining the result must be equally good. Americans can never expect truly democratic government to be obtained by spir-

itual, moral, or political torpidity on the part of its citizens.

Americans are much too good humored about the lapses of our government and its functions. Democracy will work only if we work at making it work; the minute we cease, it falls into the ever ready hands of political gangsters. And the time to start making it work is right now, for America has no more time to waste in building up truly democratic functions of government than it has to waste on its military armaments. Our most dangerous attack will come from government weaknesses within, so it is more patriotic and essential to be a good citizen than it is to be a willing soldier.

Without any partisan motives—but surely as Americans interested solely in our democracy—let us look briefly at the recent major party conventions to see where we must change the conditions which led to their un-American and undemocratic behavior. We Americans, our interest in good government keenly aroused by world events, had our eyes rudely opened and should not fail to make use of what we learned. When the convention season started, the nation's voters sat forward expectantly, wondering if they would be given two candidates over whom they could wage a vigorous battle in America's best interests, or would they go to the polls disgusted with a choice between two political hacks. The conventions, Americans told themselves, would display the present state of American democracy and would show what must be done immediately if its ultimate survival is to be guaranteed.

That both the Republican and Democratic nominees represent the choice of the rank and file of their respective parties, there can be little doubt. That should prove our democracy is working perfectly, but, unfortunately, it doesn't. The two conventions might have ended just as easily in democratic tragedies.

When the Republican convention began to ballot, American faces beamed when the first roll call revealed undeniably the widely split delegations and the extreme divergence of choices. A great surge of safe feeling swept over the nation as small delegations voiced four or five choices on the same ballot. Americans knew all the delegates couldn't be right, but at least they were voting the courage of their convictions. But the nation's brows scowled blackly when the "Stop Willkie" movement got under way, engineered by the gang who expect fat handouts for their efforts. To put it plainly, Willkie wasn't a professional politician and the bosses and other party big-wigs proceeded to try to threaten, wheedle, and cajole the delegates into selling out their convictions as to the country's requirements, in order that political plums might not be lost. The citizen body, thoroughly awakened and alarmed, began to exert pressure and wired, telephoned, and yelled support to their delegates suffering from terrific pressure from the bosses.

But even though the Republican voters got the man they wanted, they shouldn't feel elated over the convention. They should see to it that never again in their party history will there be men present at a convention or caucus to thwart the public will because the public's choice doesn't belong to the "Pork-Barrel Gang."

When it comes to the Democratic convention, one scarcely knows what to say. Although it nominated the man whom the various political polls gave as the heavy choice, it was still a rank travesty on American institutions. The steam rollers were so apparent that one expected to hear at almost any moment: "Heil Roosevelt!"

Of course one could expect that, since roughly 40% of the delegates were office holders. But many other delegates felt sure the majority party of America, a young, virile nation of over 130 millions, could surely produce more than one leader capable of leading the nation in times of stress; but they hadn't been permitted to hear their ideas and views of what's best for America. A strong party dictatorship had prevented nearly all other candidates from coming forward. Many delegates, and quite a few potential candidates, felt like a man hit over the head with a lead pipe.

When the delegates arrived, even the ones instructed for Roosevelt didn't know if the President would be a candidate. Then came the President's message stating he didn't want and never had wanted to be a candidate. Instead of being fuddled and downcast, the Roosevelt men smiled gleefully and got out the steam rollers to put their man across on the first ballot. They understood their Chief's way of expressing himself.

Here and there a patriot came forward. Jim Farley, American to the core, hurt deeply by these carryings-on in democracy's name, made a noble gesture—a gesture without hope—against the whole proceedings when he allowed himself to be nominated by another patriot of the first water, a little octogenarian who had come half way across the continent from a sick bed to speak his piece against this un-American way, amid the jeers and boos of the men who should have revered his efforts in America's behalf. But the Roosevelt steam rollers crunched relentlessly ahead, smothering all opposition. Hundreds of delegates seemed apathetic, their cheers sounding like French cheers for Hitler. Others shook their heads sadly, asking themselves in philosophical speculation what streak it is in men who are great—but not great enough—that makes them so cocksure they have been designated by Heaven as the only ones fit and capable to lead a great people whose greatest wealth is its ability to pro-

duce world leadership. Others just walked out, never to come back again into the party fold.

Yes, the whole thing, from beginning to end, was a travesty on liberty. No one wants to take away from the President the just praise and credit due him for a great and noble handling of a national disaster when he took office and Americans would like to put him into history alongside other great Americans; but we don't have to be dragooned into showing our gratitude. America has the privilege to decide by a majority vote the kind of government we want; if we want a dictatorship and curtailed, or non-existent, liberties, that's our business; but if we do want real democracy, we'll never get it from the kind of politics displayed at the Democratic convention. We should again refer to our Christian ethics, which are never wrong: a good result can never come from a wrong method of gaining that result; and if we want real democracy, we must see to it that we never have another recurrence of the Chicago fiasco. One of the best ways is to drop from political life every one responsible for it, for our democracy's existence requires Christian ethics as a foundation.

Communist Atrocities

ONCE again the Russian Bear has despoiled the bees of their honey. This time the hives are Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania; and the honey dripping from the greedy maw of the robber is the national liberties of the Baltic republics. Thus passes into history almost the last of the few benefits gained from the World War.

At the conclusion of that war, the American people demanded the establishment of certain human rights instead of a share of the loot. We insisted upon the right of self-determination of small racial groups incapable of gaining their own liberty, and the republics of Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania, all separate peoples but small in numbers, were established. We assumed a moral guidance over these baby

democracies and patterned their governments and Constitutions after our own. We gave them financial assistance, helping them establish themselves industrially and commercially, and have had every reason to feel proud of our tiny protégés. But now three of them are gone and possibly before these words are read, Finland will have joined them in death; for that republic, bowing to the inevitable, has agreed to the Soviet's demands for the demobilization of her army and defenses, putting her at the mercy of the marauder.

What a wonderful record for the people whom American Communists insist are leading the world to light, liberty, and human freedom? Half of Poland, part of Finland, Bessarabia, Bukowina, and now the peace-loving, industrious, democratic Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania—with Finland no doubt soon to be added.

Those Americans who are deluded into thinking that Communism is the highest expression of the dignity of man and the best medium for the highest human justice will have a tough job explaining this wiping out of free governments by oppression and force. Those American Communists who decried Nazism and Fascism and were bent on saving the world from Hitler and Mussolini, now have as hard a task proving Stalin one whit different as they did trying to explain the joining of hands by Stalin and Hitler a year ago. The Soviet's actions are indeed embarrassing to its American admirers, but, since they are frequently at a loss to understand Stalin, let them read the history of great world despoilers, from Attila to date, and they will have little future trouble understanding their idol.

President Roosevelt's withering rebukes to the Soviets were doubtless intended to appease American horror at this rape of freedom, but they failed of their purpose. For many years American statesmanship, guided by public opinion, refused to sanction Soviet Russia, recognizing a danger to the world's best institutions. But President Roosevelt, overlooking American scruples, gave full recognition to

Russia and extended the glad hand of fellowship, possibly for reasons best known to himself. President Roosevelt is too intelligent to be deeply shocked by Russia's actions, for he should have known to expect this when he patted the nation-murdering Stalin on the back and assured him of American friendship, thus removing from the oppressor's path one of the moral forces Stalin feared most and so opened the way for what has happened.

Shortly, we Americans will have another problem to decide. Already propaganda is commencing for an alliance with Russia for the policing of the Pacific. It isn't being put that bluntly, of course; but it is being stressed that the Soviets are our only possible ally in curbing an imperialistic Japan, while we give our attention to protecting the American hemisphere from European menaces. But let us remember this: no community has ever been cleaned up by the righteous forces joining hands with the thugs and murderers of the underworld; and no world justice can be obtained by the United States joining hands with the Communists, who have proved themselves the world's worst wreckers of human liberties.

A Fifth Column?

WHEN the Supreme Court recently decided against Jehovah's Witnesses in their refusal to salute the flag, a tremendous step was taken in combating subversive influences. Jehovah's Witnesses don't believe in governments any more than they believe in saluting the flag; neither do they believe in religion. Since we know that democracies are founded on Christianity, let us see what these people say about the Christian religion. Over two million copies have been printed of the book from which this is taken: "There are numerous systems of religion, but the most subtle, fraudulent and injurious to humankind is that which is generally labelled the 'Christian Religion,' because it has the appearance of a worshipful devotion to the Supreme Being."

The Supreme Court can protect

Americanism in cases brought before it, but there is need for an aggressive campaign by the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish press of this country against the activities of the Rutherfordites. Catholic magazines and papers should be most vitally interested, for the Church and its activities bear the brunt of the attack which is both scurrilous and constant. The Holy Name Society, Catholic Action, Knights of Columbus, the Catholic press, National Catholic Welfare Conference, The Legion of Decency, and even the Catholic War Veterans' Association and Catholic College Graduates come in for a daily lambasting.

Here's a sample: "The chief visible enemy of God, and therefore the greatest and worst public enemy, is the Roman Catholic religious organization." Here's another: "Fascism and Nazism mean one and the same thing and are the instrument of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, the child of the Devil, to gain control of the earth by the Hierarchy and turn all peoples against God and his kingdom."

Rutherford has put out nearly two hundred million books and tracts specializing in this kind of stuff, mostly directed at the Catholic Church but also giving the Protestant and Jewish faiths a share of insults. Since the Rutherfordites have been known to broadcast throughout the world weekly; have over 40 different publishing houses and factories, located on every continent except Antarctica; since they decry all Christian religions, and all other religions; since they do not believe in constituted governments, refusing to respect symbols of government; since they attack practically every institution that stands for the betterment and decency, as well as the safety of humanity; since they openly sneer and jeer at the Church's fight against Communism, haven't we really discovered one of those Fifth Columns we have been aching to definitely put our fingers on? A close study of Rutherfordism and of Communism reveals that Siamese Twins can exist in other relationships besides the physical.

Hidden Gold

by Margaret Ann Ahlers

JAN stared out across the wide expanse of sparkling snow. The glistening tops of the distant mountains towered far above the dark line of tall pine trees that marked the boundary of his father's land. Where the river curved its way beyond the forest, the King's castle stood like a grim sentinel guarding the country against invaders.

But Jan saw none of the beauties of the landscape, for he was pondering the strange news brought home by his father. Surely there was no truth to the matter—undoubtedly his father's ears had played him a strange trick! Yet the boy knew there was no smile in his father's eyes when he repeated what Heinrich, a neighboring shepherd had told him.

"'Tis hard to believe what I've heard this day, wife!" said Hansel Kronke as he tossed his wide hat on the table, little mindful of the bright feather that curled over the brim. "'Tis hard to believe that our King's supply of gold has gotten so low that he must call on poor folks like us for our few treasures!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Gerda Kronke as she dusted a cupful of fat raisins with flour and stirred them into the soft dough in a brown bowl. "What would we have to give the King—even if he does need gold? There's little of that in this house!"

"Well, war is costly, wife, and for many months the King has waged battle on the people on the other side of the mountains. Now 'tis said that the enemy's army is moving steadily closer and will soon be at the boundary line that lies along the edge of the valley. The King is nearly frantic, they say, for never has warfare come so close to his own country—always before he has taken his

army into other territory. He has sent messengers to every village to ask for men and for gold with which to buy more weapons. 'Tis a dangerous time, my Gerda, and we should be glad our Jan is but a lad and will not be called to arms."

"Ah, Hansel, that I could not bear! But you—will you have to go in spite of your poor leg? And gold—why, we have none—"

"Not much—unless—"

"Unless what? There is no gold in the house—except—oh, Hansel, there is Jan's gold cross! But surely the boy will not have to part with that! 'Tis the lad's only treasure—and you know how he loves it be-

cause 'twas a gift from his grandmother!"

"Yes, I know that—but if the King needs gold, then Jan must give up his cross!"

Jan had heard more than enough and slipped quickly from the room and fled to the loft above, where he knelt beside his bed and burst into tears.

"No! Not even the King shall have my cross—never will I give it up so that men may kill each other! Why, grandmother told me to keep it carefully and when I held it in my hands I would remember the Saviour who loved us and wanted us



to love each other—if I give it to the King I should be forgetting the Saviour—no! I'll not do it! I'll not be false to the Saviour—and grandmother, too! The King shall not have my cross—I'll hide it—and I'll never tell where it is."

So Jan's sobs trailed away until his slender young shoulders were quiet. Then, his decision made, the

"There's no house over there—what can that be, I wonder—"

Then he recalled his father's words. "The enemy's army is moving steadily closer and will soon be at the boundary line that lies along the edge of the valley—" Surely—no—it could not be!

Jan's meditation was broken and he jumped from his seat quickly.

beside the fire and beat his hands together to warm them.

"What's this, Jan? Why the tears on your cheeks? Gerda, you're crying, too, what's the trouble?"

"Father, I won't give my cross, that's all!"

"Jan Kronke, come here to me!"

Swiftly Hansel took off his outer coat and hung it on a peg. Care-



boy drew a deep breath and rose to his feet. "No," he said, "my cross shall never be used for warfare!"

Returning to the lower room, Jan took his place by the window. Perhaps, after all, there was no truth in the news. Perhaps Heinrich, the shepherd, had only tried to frighten his father. But still, 'twas hardly likely any one would joke about such a matter concerning the King.

As he stared out of the small window set in the dark brown logs of the house, he saw a faint curl of smoke above the line of forest on the other side of the narrow valley that lay beneath his father's house on the mountainside.

"Father! Look—"

"Your father has gone outside to bring in some wood, son; what is it?"

"Oh, mother, is it true, do you think? Will there be war close by? Is the King really asking for gold?"

"Yes, it is very true, Jan, and you must be willing to give—"

"Not my cross, Mother!"

"Why, son, would you not be anxious to help?"

"Never! I'll never give my cross to help the King! I won't—no matter—"

The door flew open and Hansel Kronke came in with the wind that threw into the room a swirl of snow for good measure. He piled the wood

fully he hung his hat over it, stomped his heavy shoes to remove the snow, then settled himself in his high-backed chair in front of the fire.

"Stand here, Jan Kronke, and repeat those words!"

Without hesitation the boy stood beside his father's chair and said, "I won't give my cross—I won't help the King to war with—"

"I seem to have heard you rightly, my son, but still I cannot believe what I hear! Do you mean that you refuse to give your golden cross to help our King?"

"You heard me rightly, Father!"

"Hansel, you know your own mother gave him the cross to keep for

himself—and oh, Hansel, is it not asking much of the child?"

"He is not such a young child, Gerda! Why, at fourteen he should understand how to be loyal to the King! Surely, Jan, you will not force me to take the cross from you?"

"I'd not force you, Father; it would be your own affair—still, the King shall never have my cross! Don't you see, sire, that the cross is to remind us of the Saviour—and He wanted men to love each other—He would never give aught toward warring—"

"Enough of that! Bring me the cross, Jan Kronke!"

"No, Father, I shall never give it into any one's hands—"

"Then I shall get it myself! Gerda, come with me to Jan's loft and help me find the cross!"

"Hansel, please—" Gerda's face was whiter than the muslin of her apron and great tears dropped on her plump bosom. "Hansel, you would not take—"

"I'll have the cross, woman, now hurry—before my temper breaks in to a black storm—"

But the golden cross was not to be found in the small loft. The bed, torn apart, failed to reveal it—or even the slender chain upon which it was strung. The boy's few clothes were jerked from pegs on the wall but they, too, refused to reveal the precious bit of gold.

Alone in the downstairs room, Jan waited patiently by the oaken chair. His heart beat fast as he heard his father's voice grow harsh with increasing anger. His mother had nothing more to say, but Jan knew her wish was to intercede for him.

"I tell you I'll have the cross!" Hansel shouted now as he came toward his son. "That I should have to hunt for that which you refuse to give—you, a mere stripling—why, I'll teach you something about—"

A loud knocking at the door interrupted the blows that were due to fall upon Jan's narrow frame.

"Who's there?" called Hansel Kronke as he grasped a flaming torch from the fire. The afternoon had faded into evening and the room lay in dark shadows that all but concealed the heavy door.

"Who's there, I say?"

"Open, in the name of the King!"

Hansel's dark face lost its flush of anger and in a flash was touched with the paleness of fear. Jan turned toward the door but never left his place by the chair before the bright fire. Gerda crouched at the end of the long table as if afraid to see who might enter.

"Open, in the King's name—and be quick—would you keep His Majesty waiting in the cold?"

Then did Hansel move quickly indeed. He strode to the door, removed the long bar that held it and flung it open wide.

"Friend Kronke, you are slow to answer a knock on your door! What occupies you so closely that you do not hear the tramp of feet?"

The King's face, beneath a helmet that flashed as he moved, was drawn with suffering and anxiety. His white hair hung nearly to his shoulders and he was wrapped around with a long mantle of dark velvet. As he advanced toward the center of the room there was a glitter of steel from the armour of chain that covered the tall figure under the cloak. A company of his men crowded in behind him and suddenly the room was cold and the floor littered with pools of melting snow.

"Have you no tongue, Hansel Kronke? Why do you not speak?"

"Your pardon, sire! I meant no discourtesy to your Majesty—indeed, you are most welcome in this poor house! How can we serve you?"

"But one way—give me all your gold—even the smallest bit of scroll or decoration—anything of gold will buy more weapons! Come, be quick! The enemy is not far from the boundary—and we need more men and more gold—you yourself must come with us—"

"Sire, I have to tell you an unpleasant thing. My wife and I have no gold—but our son has a cross—'tis true he treasures it highly—still it is my wish that he part with it—"

"Then why do you not place it in my hand and be done?"

"Because, your Majesty, my son refuses to give up the cross—"

"Where is your son?" The King's voice rasped and grew hard.

"Here am I, sire." Jan stepped in front of the King who looked down upon him searchingly.

"What have you to say for yourself, boy?"

"Only that I will not give my cross to you for warfare! You see, sire, the cross was given me by my grandmother who bade me keep it carefully to remind me of the Saviour and His love for us all. I could not give it up, sire, for the Saviour had no thought of war—only of how men should love one another—"

"Where is the cross?"

"That I will not tell, sire!"

"You will not tell me, *the King*?"

"No, your Majesty, I will not tell—"

"Guards! Seize this boy—take him through the house and make him yield to you a golden cross!"

Two stalwart soldiers stepped forward and seized Jan.

In a short time the guards were back. "We can find no cross, sire, and the boy will tell us nothing!"

"Once more I ask you, insolent churl, where have you hidden your gold?"

The guards stepped up again and, one on each side of the boy, seized his arms. Jan strained forward in their rough grasp and thrust out his shoulders. With a noisy tear his worn tunic split across his chest and there, cradled against the linen of his underclothing, hung the golden cross on a chain thin and fine.

"Ah, so that's where you kept it hidden? Well, now I'll have it—and right heavy and valuable it is, too! But you shall still go to the dungeon for your disobedience—and your cross of gold shall be melted in a pot—"

"Sire—will you not let me prove the power of the Saviour's cross? Will you grant me leave to speak?"

"Well, say on—though I know not why I should listen—"

"Your Majesty, grant me leave to carry the cross into the camp of the enemy! I saw smoke from their fire and it is not far away! Grant me leave to show them the cross and tell them what my grandmother said—if they can be made to understand they will be no more anxious for warfare—their King will allow them to return home, grateful for

release. Please, sire, grant me leave to go to the King whom you call your enemy—"

"Very well, then! I have reason to believe that with tomorrow's dawn, the enemy will move up to the boundary line—if you can reach them in time to prevent crossing—your life will be spared and your gold, too! But there is small chance that the King who is my sworn enemy and desires my castle and my land will listen to such a tale as you have to tell!

The mountains of Bavaria had looked upon many a strange thing. For long centuries they had stood as a barrier between men of northern and southern European countries. They had seen the conquests of the Romans, the passing of the great kingdom of Charlemagne, and now in the fourteenth century small provinces fought for supremacy beneath the white-capped tops of majestic peaks.

Jan Kronke loved the mountains and valleys round about his father's holding. In summer he wandered far with the sheep and in winter he traversed the valley with his father on trips to the nearest villages and on visits to friends and neighbors. He loved the small creatures of the forest and found delight in the first tiny flowers of spring.

King Otho had found advance through Carinthia easy to accomplish. He had met little opposition during the spring and summer in his march across the southeastern corner of the German Empire. And because his conquest was not difficult to achieve he had advanced farther and farther into the north, pressing on toward the rich lands and cities beyond the Bavarian mountains. His men were tired; many held resentment against their leader for his driving power. Most of them needed warmer clothing if they were to proceed during cold weather. And the greater part of the Hungarian army longed for their homes and families.

The King, being well aware of these things, was worried and heavy-hearted. Had he come this far only to lose the strength of his forces at the mountain range? Was their

spirit broken before the rich goal could be reached?

There was a sudden commotion outside the door of the crude shelter but King Otho continued to sit with bowed head before a small, half-hearted fire. The clatter of voices grew louder and one of his men came stumbling in.

"Sire, we have caught a spy! He says he comes from across the valley and that 'tis well known we mean to advance upon the Bavarians!"

"Bring him in at once!" Immediately the King became wide-awake and alert. But when he saw the slender, dark-eyed lad they brought in, he grew very angry.

"This boy a spy? I don't believe it—he has the look of a shepherd boy—no more, no less! What have you to say for yourself, lad?"

"Sire, first of all, I wish you to know that I speak the truth—"

"We shall see how it sounds—go on—"

"Both my King and my father know that I am here—yet they are both angry and unless I accomplish what I came for, it is certain that I shall be cast into a dungeon to die! Nevertheless, our King is alarmed at your approach—more than that, he has not enough men or enough gold to buy necessary weapons—therefore he is demanding gold from all who have it—"

"So your people are not rich, then?"

"No, sire, there is no great wealth left since our King has become a lover of warfare—"

King Otho thought of his own people whom he had taxed heavily for money with which to finance this bold venture into a neighboring country.

"Why did you come?"

"Our King seeks gold—in my father's house there was none except this cross of mine—and that I refused to give him—"

"A mere lad defying a king? A strange tale, indeed! Go on—why did you refuse?"

"Sire, this cross was given me by my grandmother who said that it was to remind me of the Saviour, of His love for all men, and of His de-

sire that all men should love each other—do you not see that I cannot let it be melted for warfare? Sire, do you not see that we are all brothers—and there is nothing gained by warfare except poverty and hatred? Why, sire, if you would ask your men—you'd find they would rather turn back to those they love than cause bloodshed!"

"How do you know that—have you been spying among them?"

"No, sire, I have not—but it's true—your soldiers have nothing to gain while you and other kings strive for wealth and power—their families suffer because of your warring—"

Then King Otho bowed his head. Well he remembered how his men had clung to their families; he remembered how on their long march many had sickened and died. He remembered, too, that there had been no rejoicing when they made camp on this spot within sight of the enemy's territory. Was the boy right? Had he some strange power of divining?

"Sire, here is my golden cross—take it in your hands—I said I'd never give it into any one's hands—and that I will not if it be for melting in a pot—but I give it into your hands so that you may see—and remember—and perhaps understand—"

The King's hand trembled as he took the cross. There was deep silence in the place as he held it. Only the sound of the wind as it swept down from the mountains could be heard. Even the small flames of the fire were quiet as the man fought his own battle.

Suddenly he clasped the bright cross to his heart, rose quickly and squared his broad shoulders.

"Yes—I do understand, my lad—I see that men are happier to be friends—I see how the Saviour would have us love one another—ah, what has been long hidden from me is now revealed! Come, take your cross, boy, return to your King and say that Otho of Hungary seeks no longer for another man's treasures since he has found one of his own and will henceforth share it with all the world!"

Strife Begins at 40 Days

By *Matilda Rose McLaren*

"POOOR LITTLE Patsy. Let muvver straighten out that naughty sweater sleeve," crooned a young mother to her three-year-old first born.

Immediately Patsy's crocodile tears changed to smiles. Joyously, she scampered out and mounted her kiddie car on the sunny porch. Once she paddled the full length of her runway; turned, and caught a wheel on mother's rocker. Without trying to disentangle the wreck, Patsy set up a howl. Mother, wiping sudsy hands on her apron, came on the run:

"Poor little Patsy. Won't the old kiddie car go?"

Patsy beamed.

Are you at all surprised that by night, Patsy's mother was harassed to death? That she was cross with the other children? That dinner was a make-shift?

How much easier to have laid that sweater out on the floor and gone through the motions of disentangling the misplaced sleeve; then deliberately tangling it again; untangling it with the mother's hand on the child's; next time remove mother's hand and let the child do it for herself. It takes only a few minutes to teach a child how to back a kiddie car out of a wreck with other furniture.

"But," you ask, "at the age of three?"

Yes.

The writer has brought four children through babyhood and all knew how to dress themselves *completely* at two-and-a-half years of age. Lessons are started at about fifteen months. The first lesson in self-dressing teaches stocking manipulation; of course, the heel will go where the toe belongs a few times. A few months later, tying his shoe laces all by himself makes son a graduate. A child can be taught to lay his clothes out flat on the floor at night; garment legs and arms straightened out. Next morning he literally slides into them... and takes great pride in so doing.



Be careful to select garments which "zip" or button up the front. In order to help him tell back from front we sew a tiny button to the fronts of certain garments; embroider one button hole with colored floss or stitch on a tiny animal or flower decoration.

Likewise a very young child can very easily be taught to hang his own clothes in the closet. Teach him to lay his wrap on the floor, bed, or divan; insert hanger; button garment. Now it's ready to be hung up... provided the clothes-rod has been lowered for the child's convenience. If, because of lack of space, this seems impractical at your house, try placing a sturdy wooden box into the closet to be used as step; or, give him a hook all his own. He will take great pride in doing things "just like dad." Secret: Our dad had to be reminded about *his* wraps a few times in order to make him as neat as sonny; but that too was worth the effort!

Individual hooks for towels with family names pasted over each hook, introduces neatness to the bathroom. Since the competition between youngsters as to who can keep his towel clean the longest not only makes for a saving in laundry, but results in more presentable hands and faces, this little stunt is well worth the price of rustproof hooks or extra towel racks. Make a game of any job and it automatically becomes fascinating.

And as for teaching Patsy how to back out of a kiddie car—furniture wreck, who knows but what that will constitute her first driving lesson which will one day keep her from being dubbed "fool woman driver"? Recently, a garage mechanic was

heard to say: "If girls played more often with wagons when they are little, they wouldn't have so much trouble learning to park and unpark cars a few years later."

Seriously, however, with toys of locomotion, a child can easily be taught respect for property. While tricycles, wagons, roller skates, etc., develop young muscles, give vent to excess energy, they can also do a great deal of property damage. Veneerless piano and table legs are eye sores in any home. If, early in life, a child is taught that daddy had to work hard for the money which paid for household furniture which makes a home for all the family, that it's up to baby to help keep it presentable, he will soon detour when nearing "collision objects." Be sure to give him credit for his thoughtfulness with an extra hug, a game, a romp or some little recognition; soon the habit will be formed.

Often the wise selection of toys is neglected. Parents will buy toys above a child's comprehension. A highly mechanized toy which sonny does not understand; which he cannot manipulate by himself and, therefore, may play with only when daddy is home to do so with him, only tends to frustrate and confuse him. Tinker-toys, crayons and scissors, an inexpensive supply of hammers, pinchers and nails are what he needs. Something which will help develop his native creative ability. A home-made broom stick hobby-horse is worth infinitely more than an expensive factory job. As the child grows in wisdom and stature let toys gradually become more complicated.

"Behold the child by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper stage..."

If we keep right on dressing our babies; playing for them; doing our children's arithmetic after they start to school; later, choose their mates; in other words, *live their lives*, is it at all surprising many grow up feeling the government owes them a living? Isn't it just possible that that is one reason we have so many people eager to stay on relief today?

Coming back to toys, do you keep up with the times? Or do you thrust upon your children toys you once coveted but never had? "Ah, happy years! Once more who would not be a boy?" We know a

father who insisted his son have a little red wagon, such a one as he, at a similar age, "had a hankering for." One "with brakes, horse's tongue and everything." His son is being raised in the city. When Junior looks out of his playroom window he sees what? Trucks, buses, street cars, fire engines... and nary a wagon! But on Junior's birthday he received a seven-dollar-and-a-half red wagon... the only time it's out of the garage is on Saturday afternoon when daddy is home to rake leaves.

Breese, Ill.

Dear Fathers:

Recently an article appeared in the Grail about St. Gerard—that through his intercession a woman's life was saved during childbirth. Myself being pregnant I promised publication in the Grail if I would have a safe delivery; after a very serious case my life was despaired of. Thanks to St. Gerard I am well today.

Yours very truly
N. N.

"Triumphs for nothing and lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys." (Shakespeare)

How about toy guns? Can we consistently promote peace and permit them in the home? Can we teach citizenship and allow our children to play cops and robbers; G men? Thoughtless, doting relatives will make Christmas and birthday gifts of them!

We know a father who overcame his child's complex for guns by purchasing as many guns as he could afford. Their home, for the time being, looked like a miniature arsenal. Guns became so common, the boy soon tired of them and ceased playing with them altogether. The father claims not a gun has been touched in six months. Had that child possessed but one or two, he probably should have taken them to bed with him.

A mother, whose father is quite a hunter-sportsman and feels every grandson must have a pop gun before he's out of swaddling clothes, overcame her problem by explaining to her young hopefuls how Indians and Pilgrims had to hunt and fish in order to have meat; how in this day and age, the government must require a tax to keep the Department of Conservation extant. Then she issued hunting licenses. Now her boys and girls go hunting in the chicken yard with the understanding if any one of them ever points his gun at a human being and it's a first offense, he is relieved of his gun and hunting license for a given period of time. If it happens repeatedly, no license and no gun at all.

When your child is interested in his work or play and meal time arrives, do you expect him to drop it instantly upon your call? Angelo Patri says that's cruel—that it's just as difficult a feat for Patsy to perform as it is for an adult to drop a fascinating book in the middle of a paragraph, sentence perhaps.

In our own home we try to keep from jarring young nerves by giving ten minutes warning. If the children are playing in the yard, we sing out ala the railroad porter. If it's winter time, we simply set the kitchen alarm. From daddy on down every one knows he is expected at the table, washed, combed *and smiling* in ten minutes. That allows about five minutes to wind up affairs before starting the scouring process. Warning to mothers: If this scheme is to be successfully carried out in your home, be sure to *have* dinner on the table in ten minutes!

If your child knows it will cost him his dessert, for instance, not to be on time and you really carry out your threat once or twice, he will soon catch on.

Along that same line, let's discuss ultimatums. Do you always carry them out? If you be not consistent, far better never to make a rule. "I am further of opinion that it would be better for us not to have any laws at all than to have them in such prodigious numbers as we have." (Montaigne.)

If Patsy realizes one time you'll remind her that she knows how to straighten out a sweater sleeve and the next time you'll do it for her, being the daughter of the smart parents she is, don't think she'll not try to "work" you.

If Junior is late to dinner and just because, this time, dessert happens to be his individual favorite, you excuse him "this once," he'll recognize you for the bigot you are; *donkey* to Junior.

Kindness and consideration for other people's time and welfare can be taught by the introduction of live pets. If it is Junior's responsibility to feed Shep or Kitty, to share his bread, so to speak; on cold nights to see to it they are warmly bedded, he will have something besides Junior to think about, he will not join the thoughtless, cruel group of which Bion spoke: "Though boys throw stones at frogs in sport, yet the frogs do not die in sport but in earnest."

If you live in a city apartment where, perhaps, four-footed pets are out of place... because the

pets themselves would be unhappy... then do let him have a canary or a bowl of fish; *anything* which should regularly be fed and kept clean.

Character training and self-reliance must be started in the cradle; we cannot wait until a child is of school age or, what is still more impossible, until he has reached his teens and then expect to clamp down.

Psychologists tell us, and we know from our own experience they are right, that mental patterns begin to form immediately after birth. During his very first week of life pick a new baby up and rock or walk with him every time he cries, and in less than forty days, you'll have joined the midnight pajama parade or have a terrible time leading that babe as he should go; not as you want, perhaps. The strife is on! Visiting grandmothers, please take notice.

Psychiatry claims children do not inherit bad tempers, thoughtlessness, moods and other obnoxious habits but *copy* them from those sharing their immediate environment. So, if Patsy isn't the darling you would have her be, don't blame your mate's great-aunt Agatha.

Theology assures: Give me a child until he is six years old and you may have him ever after.

Those of us who have taught school know straight A pupils who are such because mother or daddy helped too much with grade school homework, usually grow into misfits at High School and College; while B, even C, and sometimes D, grade school pupils who stood firmly on their own feet have built educational foundations of rock, giving adequate support for so-called "higher learning."

It behooves us all, then, who have brought children into this complicated age, to prepare them for "complete living." It is the least and kindest thing, the biggest heritage we can give them... and to start that preparation early for:

"'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

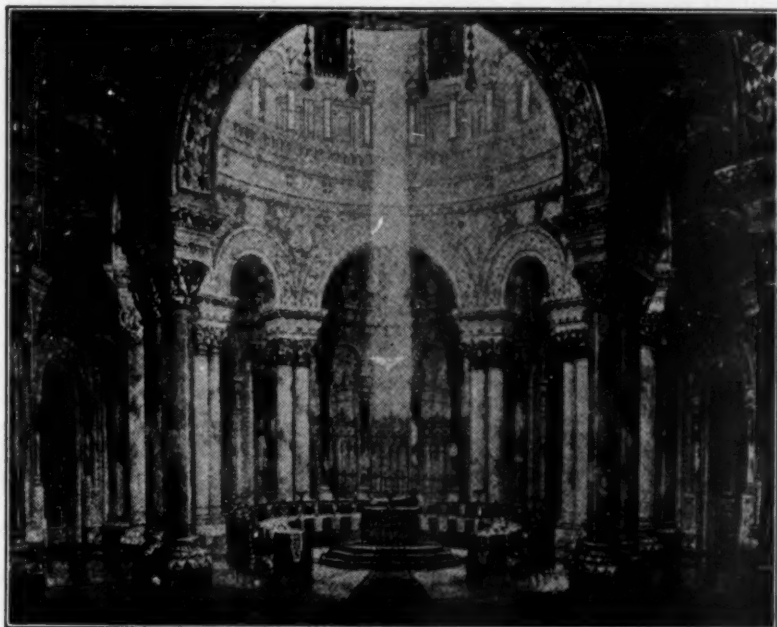


Have you had your family enrolled among the Knights of the Grail?

Deceased persons may also be enrolled.

The Vitality of the Legend of the Grail

Albert Muntsch, S.J.



TEMPLE OF THE GRAIL

IN THE CITY of Boston is a splendid Public Library—splendid both as regards architectural beauty and the wealth of literary treasures housed within its walls.

In the year 1895 there was question of decorating its halls with a series of mural paintings. What theme did the committee in charge select? There were many thrilling scenes from colonial history which suggested themselves. There was the great "Epic of America." There were the expansion of the nation, the Civil War, the unification of North and South, the "Winning of the West," the marvelous triumphs of industrial science, the romances of the Santa Fé Trail and of the Oregon Trail. None of these commended themselves to the men and women of that city.

They went to the Middle Ages and found there a theme of undying beauty. It would bring a message of hope to the children of America even in

this new era of science and industrial progress. They commissioned Edwin Austin Abbey, an American painter and illustrator to execute his fifteen panels illustrating the story of the Holy Grail.

Evidently, this cycle of legends is a source of inspiration in art, literature, and opera today. The story has passed into the literature of every European nation. If we remember that there is a Welsh romance of the 12th century, known as *Peredur* (searcher of the basin), that the French epic poem *Perceval* by Chrétien de Troyes dates from the same time, and that the German poet Wolfram von Eschenbach wrote his version, *Parzival*, between 1205 and 1215, we realize the vitality of the Grail motif in world literature. As elements of the Grail romance can be found as early as 1180, we have an unbroken literary tradition through nearly eight centuries.

And even in our own day Wagner's operas have harked back to this creation of medieval romance. For his Lohengrin is a romantic drama about the son of Parzival, knight of the Holy Grail. And Parzival himself, who in Wolfram's poem was declared worthy of admittance to the knighthood of the Grail, has made the name of the German composer familiar to the whole world.

The word "grail" is derived from the medieval Latin word "gradale," through the Old French "gréal." According to medieval legend the Holy Grail, or Sangreal, is the cup or chalice used by Christ at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea received some of Christ's blood in it at the crucifixion. He brought it to Britain where it disappeared. According to another legend angels entrusted it to a body of knights, who kept guard over it on a mountain. The grail would vanish, if approached by one who was not pure and holy. As great blessings came to one who could find the sacred object its quest attracted the knights errant of all nations. Their adventures while on this "quest of the grail," are told in German, English, Norwegian, Italian, and Portuguese versions.

The legend is a splendid example of what critics call the Romantic element in literature. As is well known, the terms *classic* and *romantic* stand for two opposite tendencies in the history of art and literature. Whereas classicism means a rigid adherence to the rules and methods formulated by the "classic" writers of antiquity,—that is, the Greek and Roman masterpieces; romanticism stands for freedom both in expression and choice of theme. Classicism prefers adherence to precise, exact, historical procedure; romanticism longs for the ideal, imaginative, "a light yet never seen on land or sea." Pater has tersely expressed the opposition between classicists and romanticists as the contrast "between authority and liberty."

The chivalrous tales told in the literature of the Romance nations (especially French and Spanish) of the 11th and 12th centuries best exemplify this spirit of liberty. Hence Heine, the German poet, defines Romanticism as "the reproduction in modern art or literature of the life and thought of the

Middle Ages." And the legends of the Holy Grail are most characteristic of those ages—the ages of faith.

Now we are all seekers of the grail. For the "quest of the grail" is, in the last analysis, the unending quest of humanity for happiness. But where find that key to joy and contentment? Is it among the things of sense and time? Some poets of the Middle Ages evidently did not think so. They said it could be found in the vision of the cup once used by the Redeemer. For this reason the grail is called the "Holy Grail."

There are especially five versions of this oft-told medieval story which testify to its vitality as a perennial source of inspiration for poets, artists and composers.

The first is the Welsh romance, *Peredur* (Parzival, Percivale), which is part of a larger work, the *Mabinogion*, containing the mythology and fairy tales of the Welsh. If this story is the older we can more readily account for some pre-Christian elements, which have been retained in later versions of the legend.

The Welsh name *Peredur* means "searcher of the basin" and he is engaged in a quest similar to that of Percivale and Parzival who sought and "achieved" the grail. The story of *Peredur* is according to some

critics older than that of the French *trouvères* and lacks Christian symbolism. Several French poets after Chrétien's death supplied an introduction to his cantos in which they strove to reconcile the Christian with the heathen elements of the legend. Robert de Boron finally succeeded in giving to all the material the Christian character that has become permanent.

The second version is that of Chrétien de Troyes, one of the *trouvères*, a class of French epic poets who flourished from the 11th to the 14th century. Chrétien was probably a native of Troies in the province of Champagne and died in the year 1195. Chrétien does not refer explicitly to the sacred character of the grail. But his successors do not fail to emphasize that the talisman which their heroes seek is the Sangreal—the Holy Grail. For the legend of Perceval, as the hero is called by

Tomorrow's Lead

Tomorrow's lead shall carry me
High on some future pass,
Where failure's load shall buried be
In fragmentary mass.

The remnants of some happy age,
Resplendent, yet obscure,
Fills full the closely written page
And leaves a faith secure.

Tomorrow's lead shall follow through
The foothills to the height,
And hope, with faith adjusted new
Shall keep my soul upright.

A tingling sense of ecstasy
Redolent with its charm,
Comes close with cheer and chivalry
To keep my heart from harm.

Across tomorrow's lead shall rise
No yesterday to haunt,
And courage, borne on patient ties
Tomorrow's flag shall flaunt.

—Adelaide Hardwicke

Chrétien, was worked over and completed by a number of poets. In these various adaptations the Graal (Grail) finally becomes the sacred cup in which Joseph of Arimathea receives the Precious Blood of the dying Saviour.

About the same time Robert de Boron composed a trilogy, introducing Joseph of Arimathea, Merlin, and Perceval. There is also attributed to him "La Quête du Saint-Graal (The Quest of the Holy Grail), in which Galaad (Galahad) replaces Percival as the successful hero of the quest.

According to Chrétien, the father and two younger brothers of Perceval had been killed in a tournament. The mother of the lad thereupon retires to a forest in order to protect her growing son from a like fate. But Perceval, wandering through the woods, meets some knights, and despite the tears of his mother, goes with them. He comes to the court of the Fisher King where he beholds the Grail. He should have asked certain questions concerning the mysterious vessel. By doing so he would have broken a spell placed upon the castle and its indwellers. But the youth remains mute. At this point the work of Chrétien breaks off.

Mornet in his "Histoire de la Littérature et de la Pensée Françaises" refers to the gradual transition, under French influence, of an original non-Christian tale into one with a distinctly Christian and spiritual tendency.

He says: "The knights, abandoning the traditional themes of fairy lore and valor, seek as a super-human ideal, the Grail, a relic of the Last Supper and of Calvary, hidden in Great Britain, in the stronghold of Corbenie. In order to 'achieve' it, more than mere bravery and courtly bearing are required. Asceticism and purity of body and soul are the requisites."

This Christian character of the story is preserved by Wolfram von Eschenbach, the Middle High German poet of the latter part of the 12th and the beginning of the 13th century. He is considered the greatest epic poet of medieval Germany. His Parzival was

composed between 1205 and 1215. It is based upon French sources of ultimate Celtic origin. Von Eschenbach changes the "sacred cup" into a precious stone, possessing miraculous powers. These are conferred by a Sacred Host brought down from Heaven every Good Friday by a dove. Wolfram's hero Parzival is the Percival of Chrétien and the Percivale of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

The name of this famous series of idylls by the poet-laureate of England introduces us to the fourth, and for English readers, the most significant development of the theme. Centuries before Tennyson published his cantos, between 1859 and 1885, the legend had been merged with the Arthurian Cycle of Romances. For one of the purposes of that far-famed company—the Knights of the Round Table—was to seek adventures, as well as "to go about redressing human wrongs." What wonder, then, that when the Grail has disappeared, it should become the object of search by the knights of Arthur's court?

Tennyson bases his *Idylls* upon the prose romance "Morte d' Arthur" compiled by Sir Thomas Malory and printed by Caxton in 1485. Following this text Tennyson makes Sir Galahad the hero of the quest. He with Perceval and Sir Bors, was deemed worthy to be blessed with the vision of the Grail.

Arthur's band of knights gathered at a round table in order to avoid question of honor and precedence. The table seated 150 knights while one vacant seat was called the Siege (Seat) Perilous which could be filled only by the predestined finder of the Grail. Any other knight might take the place only at peril of his life.

The exquisite lines of the poet laureate in which he sings the praises of Galahad, the noblest knight of the Round Table, are familiar to readers of Tennyson:

"My good blade carves
the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth
sure,
My strength is as the
strength of ten,
Because my heart is
pure."

De Quincey has made a worthwhile contribution to



literary criticism by his distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The former type appeals to the intellect and soon grows old. Who today relies on a book of economics or biology published fifty years ago? New facts have changed the conclusions reached by scholars at that time.

Literature of power, however, never grows old. It is of universal and permanent interest, it presents a cross-section of life, it deals with moral truths and human emotions which are abiding facts of life. The Bible, Shakespeare, and Chaucer are of this type.

It is permissible to list the motif underlying all the golden legends of the Grail among examples of genuine and typical emotion ever active in the experience of humanity. For the quest of the Holy Grail is, as we have seen, the perpetual quest, the restless, unending search of troubled humanity for the "little blue flower," for happiness. As that quest is fundamental in man, songs and stories that present it in language of distinction and charm belong to the world's treasury of literary art.

But it is all very well to don the armor of knight-hood and ride forth on a visionary quest, which to many seems no more rational than the deliria of Don Quixote. If such were the final interpretation of this creation of medieval days, it would not have outlived the centuries and remained a vital theme in the art, music, and literature of later times. But the legend has survived because it revolves around a profoundly human idea, the universal quest of humanity for happiness.

It is James Russell Lowell, poet, essayist, scholar, and diplomat, who in "The Vision of Sir Launfal" presented us with the adaptation that has become a permanent enrichment of American letters and has made the old, old legend familiar to millions. Completed in 1845, the poem is still a favorite in our schools, and thousands can quote its charming stanzas.

Lowell's homely, yet characteristically human interpretation of the quest—that the grail as the symbol of happiness, may be found by everyone through well-doing—immediately made his lines familiar throughout the English-speaking world. Sir Launfal himself once called for "golden spurs" and "richest mail" to "go over land and sea, in search of the Holy Grail." His awakening to the truth that

"He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail,"

is told by Lowell with fine, psychologic insight.

The message of the New England poet is then one of cheer and encouragement to all still battling through life's fitful fever. High hope and inspiration breathe through the opening lines. For

" 'Tis heaven alone that is given away
'Tis only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer."

America may well dedicate a tablet to James Russell Lowell for his charming gift to our people, for having brought the grail to the humblest household in the land.

FOR JUNIOR KNIGHTS

The Unpopular Month

IF A POLL were taken among youth to ascertain which of the twelve months is the most unpopular, undoubtedly the month of September would be given this distinction. September, however, can and will become very popular with you, if you but get the right angle on study. It is interesting that the first meaning of the Latin word meaning "to study" is "to be eager for" or, "to strive for." A little more eagerness and a little more effort in the classroom in imitation of the old Romans will make your scholastic work much more agreeable, not to say, much more profitable.

There are subjects that most boys and girls say are "tough." These are the subjects you should take. School work becomes attractive when you master that subject which everyone says is hard. It is what is hard in your school work that is going to give the razor's edge to your intellect. Ordinary boys and girls won't

take the hard subjects; ambitious boys and girls take them because everyone says that they are difficult.

The old saying that we get out of a thing exactly what we put into it ought to be placed in every classroom. Waste your time, squander your opportunities, idle away the school hours, and you will reap the reputation of being a first class dumbbell, besides being responsible to God for wasted time. Work hard, be diligent, love your work, and you may be crowned with the laurels of a genius.

Wasn't it Roscoe Turner who said that education is more a matter of infection than injection? That was St. Jerome's idea. He advocated that the pupil admire and imitate his teacher. Learn enthusiasm for your subject from your teacher, pick out his or her virtues, then go home and introduce them into your own life.

Gilbert Hess, O.S.B.

Open Forum

This Month

DAYDREAMS AND NIGHT- MARES

Roy Palmer

"What would we do in this world of ours,
If we could not dream ahead?
For the paths we follow are thorns
or flowers
No matter which way we tread."

SPRINGTIME is dreamtime. Youth looks forward, age backward; hence young dreams may be said to be visions, old ones reveries. The lad dreams of the old swimmin' hole so long deserted through the dreary winter months and longs to slip away and patronize it again. The sportsman, shading his eyes from the sun, marks the flight of the wild fowl as it wings northward, then brings out his fishing tackle and proceeds with extreme care to overhaul it. The youth remembers that tomorrow is May Day and has visions of fried chicken legs for is not "she" to prepare the "eats" since he is to provide the transportation as they go a-Maying? Delightful dream! Rude awakening though when the Sire announces, "Son we'll plant the lower pasture field in corn tomorrow." Why tomorrow, of all days! And to think "she" might be chosen Queen of the May, who can tell? while the thought of providing a proxy in his stead is heartrending. Kismet! The urchin guilty of infraction of some rule at school on a Friday afternoon, knowing an accounting awaits him on Monday morning, puts in the interval in part daydream but mostly nightmare, for he knows the Master has a penchant for applying the rod midway between the hip and knee. He dons three pairs of trousers (and lest the Master take him by surprise and the arena shift between shoulder and waist) puts on four shirts also and awaits the zero hour.

What is a more beautiful dream than that of the maiden's hope-chest or more alluring than the mythical fortune that awaits the dreamer "when his ship comes in"? All may surmise the thoughts uppermost in the mind of the hope-chest dreamer, so let's leave her with her thoughts as she sits "mooning." What a dream must have been that of Jacob as he dreamed for seven years while he labored in fulfillment of the bargain he had made with Laban to obtain Rachel. What a shabby trick Laban did him causing him to labor for another seven years before he got the wife he really wanted. But he got even with Laban in a cattle deal when he worked the ring

GIVE *and* TAKE



straked stick deal, and being a Jew, demonstrated how to drive a bargain. Rachel had ample time to prepare her hope-chest.

Columbus dreamed, then awoke to discover a continent, Field awoke from a daydream and as a result the old world greeted the new Trans-Atlantic cable; Watt's dream developed the steam engine, Fulton's the steamboat, and the dream of a Livingston carried a message and medical aid to the heart of darkest Africa.

Old age has its dream too, perhaps the best of all because it's a true one. Memory is the link that binds Autumntide to Springtime as the dreamer views happenings of the long ago seen through a vista of misty years. One by one they pass in kaleidoscopic scenes, some causing a ripple of a smile as he recalls how he once bested another in some trade, or yet more sober thoughts, then he lifts a trembling hand to brush away a tear, his tribute to old friends who have vanished like a fleecy summer's cloud, and happy days that shall never be again.

While all may have had their daydreams, not all may have had experience with nightmare. To any who have not what I am about to say will not mean much, but to those who have, well, we speak the same language. We know that when going through the agonies some one is about to do us a violence, seldom is it otherwise. One thing about nightmare for which I am thankful is that I often awake to find the man standing at the foot of my bed to be a coat and trousers suspended from a hook on the wall and not a burglar at all. It's funny how a man will sometimes get scared at his own clothes. One night after a strenuous day's business in the city I

went to my hotel and retired for the night. Sometime around midnight I was awakened out of a deep sleep by a commotion resembling a panic. There were blood-curdling yells, the tramping of hurrying feet and pandemonium in general. I wondered if fire had broken out, but couldn't hear any fire alarm; a maniac must have stolen into the building. No time was lost in making sure my door was securely locked. As I sat up in bed, my heart in my mouth, I suddenly realized that whatever was causing the excitement was in the room next to mine. Presently I heard someone say, "I dreamt that I was at home and the house was 'afar.'" It would have been hard to say which of us was more relieved, he or I, when it was all over. He had three roommates and if it took all these besides the bellhop and several guests to arouse him I shudder to think what the consequence would have been if he had been alone. I felt like going to his room and giving him the right hand of fellowship and saying "Brother I want to congratulate you for the fine exhibition you gave. I see you're no amateur, you did fine."

While various clubs, societies and lodges are being formed what would be the matter with all us Knights of Nightmare forming an organization? We could have our annual conventions and swap experiences. Our lodge could be designated as Equine Independent Order Uprovers. I'm sure the good ladies would be glad to organize an auxiliary and theirs could be known as Auxiliary Equestrienne Independent Order Uprovers. As this title may be a little unwieldy to use on their calling cards or stationery it could be reduced to initials only, thus: A. E. I. O. U. For the password it could be further reduced to I. O. U. which

Echoes from **OUR ABBEY HALLS**

The stone quarry features in the improvement about the Abbey during the vacation. A new stone walk has replaced the old boardwalk around the courtyard of the monastic enclosure. This will be a rendezvous for monastic walkers during the inclement days of fall and winter. The Major Seminary is to be adorned with a new eight foot stone cross. This will be erected on the highest point of the building—the roof of the chapel. Last September during a severe storm lightning shattered the cross that had been on the chapel roof since the erection of the Seminary.

Our Oblate School is preparing for a banner year with its new officials in charge. Father Joachim, O.S.B., is the new Director of St. Placid Hall. For the past two years Father Joachim served as Spiritual Director to the Oblates. The Director will be aided in his work by Father Philip, O.S.B., as Assistant Director. Father Philip returns to this post after two years of missionary experience among the Indians of the Stephan Mission. By his appointment to St. Placid Hall Father Philip resumes an office that he held for a year before going to the Indian Missions. The new class of Oblates will return with the Seminarians and Students on September 10th.

This year St. Placid Hall sent three boys to the Junior Brothers of the Abbey. On July 31st the Brother Candidates returned to the Monastery after a month's vacation. These Candidates will spend six months in preparation for their Novitiate which begins next February. Candidate Raymond Kennedy comes



Reverend Herman Romoser, O.S.B.

from Cincinnati, Ohio. Candidate Edward Heinz completed a year at Marmion, our Military Academy in Aurora, Illinois, before entering St. Placid Hall. Candidate Francis Critney is from Edinburgh, Indiana.

For many years the traditional day for investing the Novices at St. Meinrad's Abbey is the Feast of our Lady on August 5th. After an eight days' Retreat our Frater Candidates, who returned to the Abbey on July 10th, were received into the Novitiate. Father Abbot performed the Investing Ceremony according to the ritual of the Swiss-American Congregation and clothed the postulants with the Benedictine Habit. The Novices are to spend their first year in St. Benedict's "school of God's service" in learning the Benedictine way of life according to the Holy Rule. In the monastic family the Novices will be known as: Frater Novice Ambrose (Howard Lundergan, Montgomery, Indiana), Frater Novice Louis (Louis Thuis, Vincennes, Indiana), Frater Novice John (Leslie Quinker, Louisville, Kentucky), Frater Novice Victor (Victor Wright, Dearborn, Michigan), Frater Novice Raymond (Raymond Bohr, Aurora, Illinois), Frater Novice Jerome (Jerome Krapf, St. Henry, Indiana), Frater Novice Bernard (Bernard Langan, Cairo, Illi-

has become such a common expression these days and could be easily remembered. Two degrees would be sufficient to start with, those who must be awakened being first degree members, while those who thrash about on their backs in bed like swimmers on dry land until they have mastered the spell and then wake up untouched or unpagged, in other words, who come out of it "under their own power" would be second degree members. These would be fewer, more select, and known as the "Untouchables." What a jolly time we could have at conventions. Imagine portly Mrs. Du Puyster

getting up on the floor at convention and after adjusting her oxfords and clearing her throat reading a paper about like this; "Nightmares"—"When and by whom first introduced, and why"—"Their dependability"—"Relative importance in connection with jazz" etc. etc., finally closing her dissertation with the statement "Three afflictions for which no remedy has been found are nostalgia, puppy love and nightmare." It would be interesting to have debate on the question whether nightmare was caused by jazz or vice versa. After the exercises and banquet were over and all had re-

paired to a hostelry for a night's repose if someone felt like he must indulge in one of these fits he could do so, using a bass, barytone, tenor, tremolo, contralto, or whatever pitch or tone he felt he could use to best advantage. A semi-quaver being the one most generally used would be permissible. If several should take the same notion at the same time, even though some might be slightly off key, still it would compare favorably with some of the other swing music we hear. This lodge and convention idea is only a suggestion. Maybe it is a daydream—maybe a nightmare.

With our boys **AT WORK AND PLAY**

nois), and Frater Novice Thomas (Thomas Hoolihan, Buffalo, New York). Together with the Frater Novices Father Abbot also admitted two young men into the Brothers' Novitiate. Brother Novice Leo (Leo Gangier, Detroit, Michigan) and Brother Novice Charles (Charles Stephenson, Lawrenceburg, Indiana) are preparing to become Brothers of our Abbey.

After a year's probation eleven members of last year's Novitiate were prepared to pronounce their Triennial Vows. On the Feast of the Transfiguration (August 6) Father Abbot received the Vows at the Offertory of the Conventual Mass. With the Benedictines it is customary for the newly professed cleric to receive his religious name on the day of profession. When he makes his Holy Vows he uses his new name for the first time. The eleven new additions to our monastic roster is a miniature Litany of the Saints. Our new confreres are called: Frater Alan (Robert Berndt, South Bend, Indiana), Frater Alban (Robert Berling, Indianapolis, Indiana), Frater Athanasius (Joseph Ballard, Louisville, Kentucky), Frater Fabian (Robert Frieders, Aurora, Illinois), Frater Bartholomew (Charles Fuerst, Indianapolis, Indiana), Frater Eric (Robert Lies, Aurora, Illinois), Frater Nicholas (Frank Schmidt, Louisville, Kentucky), Frater Edwin (Charles Miller, Louisville, Kentucky), Frater Polycarp (Robert Sherwood, Indianapolis, Indiana), Frater Cyprian (Albert Carman, Lima, Ohio), and Frater Donald (Martin Walpole, Indianapolis, Indiana). Next month these Clerics will begin their studies in the Major Seminary—the last six years of their preparation for the Holy Priesthood.

A third time this year Bishop Ritter came to the Abbey for ordinations. His Excellency arrived late Saturday evening and spent the

night as our guest. On Sunday morning, August 11th, he conferred the Holy Priesthood on Frater Herman, O.S.B., and Frater Conrad, O.S.B. Shortly before nine the Community went in procession to the Bishop's room on the second floor of the Major Seminary. Joined by the Bishop and ministers of the Mass the procession proceeded to the Minor Seminary chapel. The Ordination Mass celebrated by Bishop Ritter was a "Missa Recitata," the



Reverend Conrad Louis, O.S.B.

responses being answered by the entire Community. After the Mass the newly ordained Fathers gave their blessing in the chapel to their parents and friends. The visitors for the ordination service were guests of the Abbey for dinner served in the refectory of the Minor Seminary. Each Father offered his First Solemn Mass in his home parish on Sunday, August 18th. Father Herman is from St. Patrick's Parish, Terre Haute, Indiana, and Father Conrad is a son of St. Joseph's Parish, Princeton, Indiana.

With the ordination of these two young Fathers our Abbey now has one hundred Priests.

Father Luke, our nonagenarian patriarch of the Abbey, is still confined to bed. Since a heart attack last April he has been bedfast. Though somewhat improved in health Father Luke is unable to stand or walk. The monotonous routine of the sick-room life has not changed Father Luke's jovial disposition and "ever-ready" sense of humour.

St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, Indiana, claims our Father Gregory as a patient. A bruised leg developed a blood clot and the doctors feared an infection. At their suggestion Father Gregory submitted to an operation. Father Gabriel, who is taking the chaplain's place at the hospital, reports that the patient's condition is improving slowly.

Frater Malachy Fulton, O.S.B., eagerly awaits the end of his eighteen months' exile in St. Joseph Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky. Alarming symptoms of serious lung trouble appeared during Frater's first year of studies in the Major Seminary. Since then he has been a patient at the Infirmary. Doctor Miller now assures us that Frater Malachy will be strong enough to return to the Abbey after the middle of August.

Father Hugh, O.S.B., is also on the sick list at the Infirmary. The Doctors ordered him to take a six month's rest cure for a weak lung condition. Father is also allowing his arm to heal after being re-set because of a double break.

Father Martin, O.S.B., is again able to leave his room here in the Abbey. For weeks Father has been suffering from a severe attack of skin trouble. Our Infirmarian has finally checked the spread of the disease and the open sores are slowly drying up.

The Gentleman *Desires* Peace

by QUENTIN MORROW PHILLIP

CHAPTER III

THEY ARRIVED at the banquet barely on time. Baxter, as could be expected, worked until the very last possible minute, and Martha was almost afraid he might pass up the affair. He permitted her to leave the office at four in the afternoon so she would have enough hours in which to pretty herself. First to a beauty parlor, then to a tailor's for a dress she had especially ordered, then home to change, and so forth. By seventy-three she was another person. Her daughter marvelled at her transition from a plain nurse to a fashion-plate model. They both agreed Dr. Baxter would be pleasantly surprised. Martha particularly hoped he would be impressed, for her greatest desire was that he should visualize her as more than an angel of mercy who smelled with ether. She wanted him to admire her as a woman who could compare favorably with her more beautiful sisters.

He called at her home at a quarter of eight. He had worked until six-thirty, then to a barber's, then home to change clothes, then a five mile drive to her place—no wonder he was out of breath. That was a record for him. Yet he was so late he scarcely could pause to admire her, as it were, but urged her to grab her coat in a hurry as they had only thirty minutes left in which to arrive at the Knickerbocker Hotel on schedule.

If he disappointed her at home, he made amends when they checked their cloaks. He scanned her from head to foot, deliberately inhaled the scent of her perfume, said: "Very charming, my dear." Then he offered his arm, and together they entered the large banquet hall which now was filled to the doors. She grew conscious that nearly everyone stared at them.

Father Hubert, the retreat league officers, and several distinguished guests, clergy and laymen, sat at special places reserved for them at the main table, the table where she and the doctor were to occupy a conspicuous spot. Baxter introduced her to his many friends who were near them, and it seemed to her he was unusually anxious to have them pay her complimentary remarks. He referred to her as "my charming companion," not once hinted she worked for him or shared a part of his

difficult existence. He was, in truth, out to enjoy himself, and he planned that her enjoyment should equal his.

Many priests were in the assemblage of close to nine hundred persons. Baxter knew most of them, and most of them knew him. Several left their places to greet him with a handshake and to exchange respects. Likewise, he appeared to have a speaking acquaintance with the majority of the laymen present; hence she considered it an accepted part of the banquet to see them rise at their table and by a wave of the hand indicate a personal greeting. He answered them all with a familiar nod. Soon she began to suspect she knew less about him than she thought she knew. Certainly she never imagined he had so many friends beside those he won through his practice. She knew he was interested in the promotion of closed retreats for laymen, that for eleven years or more he himself made a closed retreat each spring and autumn, but she never thought his singular avocation set him so peculiarly in an honored position. Somehow the whole affair touched off a grand feeling, and it put Baxter in a greatly enhanced light.

THEIR RETURN home was leisurely. Baxter said he was not in any hurry. He also said he would deem it a splendid favor if she would take the wheel, do the driving, in order that he could smoke and relax, regain some of the breath he lost earlier in the evening. She declared it would be a pleasure to drive herself home. He laughed at that, for driving his car was an old habit with her. Frequently during their eight years together she drove him to and from hospitals, on errands of mercy, and occasionally on merely ordinary errands.

When they reached Lincoln Park and rolled along the boulevard that follows the shore of Lake Michigan, she stopped at a spot where snow covered trees on one side and a bright moon reflected in the waters on the other side combined to paint a picturesque scene.

"Still tired?" she asked. "Or can you lift your head and tell me it's a marvelous sight?"

"Is it?" He peered through the windshield. "Pooh, I've seen better. Drive on, MacDuff."

"I ought to make you get out and walk home," she said humorously. "Maybe that would inspire you to admire nature."

"I've always admired her," he said. "Yes, always. Ever since they introduced me to her at my first swimming hole. Beautiful dame, isn't she? Almost as fair as you are this evening."

Martha swallowed hard, could have pinched herself. This was an unusual compliment from him. "Liar or flatterer?" she asked.

"Neither," he said soberly. "A man apparently takes certain people around him for granted, sees them from a certain angle. Then, along comes an evening like this, and he sees another facet of their soul. May I say you've done me an honor?"

"Yes, you may say it." She tried to laugh.

"Very well, I say it." He straightened his posture. "I shall also say that henceforth I never will understand why some chap doesn't rush to grab you off. The fact that you're a widow—"

"... is what probably scares men away from me." She forced her laugh. "Or, perhaps, I haven't met the man whom I would encourage to do the rushing."

"Probably don't get a chance to when you work as hard as you do," he said. "I have already thought about shortening your hours. You don't get out enough."

"Do you?" she returned, starting the car in motion again.

"I don't matter," he said lamely.

"Then I don't either," she said. "I'm satisfied the way conditions are."

And that was nearly all they said until she stopped the car before her home. Gathering her fur coat warm around her throat, she alighted as Baxter opened the door.

"It's a shame how brief an evening can be," she said regretfully. "A person looks forward to it, then it comes and goes, and tomorrow the same old job, the same old worries. It may be a long while before we go out again together."

"Same old job." His words had a somber echo. "I wish I could say it that way. But I can't. I guess I'd just as soon quit living as quit working."

Martha rued her thoughtlessness. She could have sensed the remark would hurt. His work was his very life, and she understood that well. "Forgive me," she begged. "I didn't mean it that way. It's only that I somehow wish the evening had been longer."

"Perhaps I do also," he said.

She looked up, slipped a hand to his shoulder. "Paul, may I ask something?"

"And what do you wish to ask?" He tried a stab at facetiousness.

"May I kiss you goodnight?" She said it easily.

He bowed his head, and she rose to her tiptoes and kissed him full on the mouth. Then she turned, disappeared behind her door, while he walked back to his car, shaking his head, feeling miserable.

THAT KISS bothered him, bothered him to the point where sleep was impossible. He squirmed nervously, wished sleep and nights were unnecessary. Finally he quit the pillows, fixed himself a strong sedative.

Yes, there were scores of nights in the past when sleep evaded him, nights fraught with misery, nights when he would have paid dearly for a cooling hand at his brow. Now this, a similar night. Not that he loved Martha; he didn't—but she stirred the memories of yesterdays, brought him to an acute consciousness of what he must neither expect nor desire from life. He could appreciate her impulse. After all, they were years together, and a woman could conceive an admiration for a man with whom she worked. People could not always be like stuffed shirts, denying themselves those little niceties that add pleasure to living. Yet, he could also suspect she betrayed a fact he hitherto missed. Maybe she did love him. Maybe her remarks were meant to get beneath his surface, to pull the shade from his often blind eyes.

It would be pitiful if she loved him. Of all the women he knew, she would be the last he would dare to hurt. Still, there would be tears if her heart encroached on their friendship. He could never allow himself to love her; he could never allow himself to love any woman. There would need to be an explanation, and with it the breaking of a heart. No woman could really love him if he told her the truth about himself.

HE RESOLVED to keep his troubled thoughts to himself when he entered his office Friday morning. The best way to avoid a subject is to ignore it—and he would refuse to permit Martha a suspicion that her act unsettled him. He would go about his duties in his customary manner, feign an easy mind.

However, an emergency case took him from his office as soon as he arrived there. Martha hurried to him before he had a chance to doff his hat.

"Doctor, I'm afraid you'll have to go right out," she said. "Father Hubert just phoned from the retreat house. Sister Agatha fell suddenly ill this morning, and they're worried. Father says she appears in great pain, and he begs you get there as soon as you can. I told him you'd leave immediately."

"Okay." Baxter glanced into the reception room. "You'll have to send these folks away, tell them to return later. I probably won't get back until noon. It's a long drive."

An hour later he was thirty miles from the city, driving up to the large building famous nationally

as the Saint Francis Retreat House. Father Hubert stood in the main vestibule, and behind him stood a brother who performed sundry duties around the premises. Together they met him and, while he removed his overcoat and hat in the hall, told him what they knew of the nun's illness. Baxter listened until they finished speaking, then went through a small parlor, then through the kitchen to the rooms, or cells, occupied by the four nuns who lived there. The pious women were the cooks who fed the large classes of men who made closed retreats each week-end. They were also the housekeepers who did the cleaning after the men were gone.

Sister Agatha and Baxter were friends of years standing. He always spent at least an hour in her kitchen before the start of each retreat he made. Too, he rarely failed to include her in his visits to Father Hubert's study on occasional mid-week evenings. She was the superior; the other nuns were her charges. However, over the years it impressed him that she invariably worked harder than the rest, and he was inclined to doubt she could issue orders.

He found her with a high fever and with the usual symptoms of pneumonia. Examination disclosed she had been suffering for several days but kept it secret for fear of alarming her subordinates. Furthermore, she thought she had only a bad cold. Finally the crisis caught her suddenly. Now it was imperative that severe measures be applied to pull her through.

WELL TOWARD the middle of the afternoon, Father Hubert, the Franciscan friar, bent with worry and depressed by the long hours of waiting, saw him walk through the parlor. But the doctor immediately disappeared into the chapel which was off the hall connecting the two sections of the building, stayed there a few minutes. When he reappeared, the priest was outside the door to meet him.

"Well?" he asked hopefully.

Baxter smiled. "She'll be all right," he said. "I'll stay around a couple of hours to play safe. However, I don't think there's need to worry. I asked Sister Angelica to telephone my office and tell Miss Walska I'll be gone the rest of the day. And, please forgive me, I asked Sister Rosa to scrape a light lunch together. I'm a wee bit starved."

Father Hubert, who was a stocky man, and whose broad face and semi-bald head affirmed his lack of height, laid his hands on Baxter's arms, shook him with a paternal clasp. "God bless you, Paul," he

said. "I was sure you could do more for her than anyone else could. I was afraid this morning you wouldn't want to drive this far when we have other doctors nearby, but your nurse assured me you wouldn't object. Now I'm indebted to you."

"To be sure, you owe me one meal," Baxter answered joshingly. "Will you join me? I don't relish eating alone in that mammoth refectory where the sister will probably serve me."

"Join you?" Father's voice had a way of booming even when he tried to subdue it. "My boy, I'll ask the sister to serve us right in that parlor. We'll arrange this exclusive, we will?"

Sister Rosa did serve them in the small parlor which on Saturday and Sunday nights was converted into a confessional. They sat themselves at a round table fetched especially by the brother; there they enjoyed the meal that was to end with as strange a story as Father Hubert ever heard, and he had heard quite a few strange stories in his thirty five years in the priesthood.

"Paul," he said, when they were on their second cup of coffee, "I can't help noticing your hands. They appear so strong and yet so gentle; the fingers so extraordinarily long. Do you explain your skill to them?"

"I wasn't aware they are as you describe them," said Baxter, rather casually. "Lots of hands like mine."

"Maybe," said the priest, "but I've never seen any. I'm inclined to think they hold the secret to your skill, to your success. Or how do you explain it?"

"I don't explain it," said the doctor. "I have a job, I do it, and that's that."

"That isn't it," said Father Hubert. "I don't pretend to guess, but those hands, your skill, your success—they didn't evolve without something behind them. I wish I knew what it is."

"There is a God," Baxter said it simply.

"Of course." The priest nodded. "Nothing is possible without God."

"Then that is your answer," said Baxter.

"Only a part of the answer," said the priest. He reflected a moment, smiled. "We retreat masters, Paul, we meet and know many men during our time. All kinds of men with all kinds of characters and dispositions. But not many stay consistently in our memories. As each new class arrives, we, in a certain sense, forget the old classes and the men who composed them. Some return, but they never become conspicuous. It's six years since I first met you, since you made your first retreat under me. I can still recall the impression you created when I saw you, and that impression has

never diminished. There is something about you that stamps you as an uncommon individual. A person feels it when he talks to you. Golly, I wish we priests were as clever as these so-called psychoanalysts. Maybe then I could tear you apart and see where you click."

"You're doing pretty well," chuckled Baxter. "I can see you're one fellow I better stay away from when I go to confession."

"I don't mean it that way, Paul," said the priest.

"I know you don't," said the doctor. "Perhaps I shouldn't blame you for being, shall we say curious? Others have told me what you're trying to say. I don't know why, but I seem to intrigue their imaginations."

"Yes, that is it," said Father Hubert. "You intrigue the imagination. I know you six years, and yet I don't know you at all. I know that you're interested in the retreat movement, that you're as good a lay apostle as we priests ever hope to find, and yet that is only a small side of you. The larger side, the side that explains you, escapes analysis."

"Your predecessor knew it," Baxter spoke in a matter of fact manner. "Father Valerian, when he lived, knew everything about me that I never told you. Not through the confessional, no, but through my desire to have a steadfast friend to whom I could turn in a dark hour. I have missed him these past six years, missed him because I haven't anyone to turn to when I need more than a mere friend. Toyo doesn't satisfy; he can't. It must be someone who can appreciate life, death, and God, in more than an ordinary sense. That supposes an intelligent priest. If I may so admit it, I have thought several times about taking you into my confidence, but I have been unable to conjecture how you would accept my story. You could refuse to believe it. And, if I did tell it to you, though it would be unlike a confession, I do think I would oblige you to secrecy. There are only a handful of people in this country who really know me, and they don't talk. I'm grateful to them for that. They enable me to live my life a little easier than if they did talk."

"Now you do intrigue me," said the priest. "Do you think I would violate a trust?"

Baxter smiled, shook his head. "No," he said. "The one very nice thing about you priests is that you are excellent at martyrdom to silence."

"Then I give you my word, if you care to talk, whatever you say here will stay here," Father Hubert declared.

"Very well," answered Baxter. "Prepare to believe what you would be least expected to believe."



Fuel for Christmas Fires

Riley M. Fletcher Berry

CENTURIES of Yuletide celebrations have proved that nothing gives greater cheer at this season than the gay flames of open fires and because of this there are now clever chemical mixtures which when deftly sifted over burning fuel of any type will produce flames apparently magically colored by crushed jewels.

But there are three simple substances available to many people which without spending a penny will make ordinary flames rival rainbows in color, provided one is willing patiently to save such materials. Bordeaux mixture is often used to spray garden or farm crops, the wooden containers in which it is stirred being discarded at the end of one season. Dried, the staves of such containers will seem colored by fairy artists when used as fuel for Christmas fires.

Also, worn-out flashlight batteries have potent power to create gem-tinted light when cast on Yuletide hearth-flames.

The third substance is easily obtainable if one lives near even a single pine tree, for pine-cones are also miracle-workers. Gathered and saved throughout the year these brown cones apparently store up the sun's rays and when this sunshine is freed by Yuletide fires it looks

as if it had been colored by the most brilliant of sunrises and sunsets.

These three simple substances have happy possibilities, too, as gifts and for either one's own home-circle or friends make delightfully original presents. One of the most charming Christmas remembrances ever sent to our home was a large, cherry-colored tarlatan bag of pine-cones of strikingly lovely appeal. Even plain scarlet mosquito netting gives an artistic effect by contrast to the brown cones within.

The same idea can be adapted to flashlight batteries but the weight of these miniature Yule-logs makes necessary a small bag of strong material. And a bundle of Bordeaux "fagots" fastened together with broad strips of strong gap paper you will find used with enthusiasm.

Whether for your 'ain firesides" or for friends' hearths begin as soon as possible to hoard pine-cones, batteries or Bordeaux staves. The Holiday season has a treacherous way of stealing upon one with unbelievable swiftness, so if you want to be ready with the "makings" of Yuletide hearth-miracles remember

For magic cheer from Christmas fires
Save *now* the fuel it requires.



THEIR OWN COUNTRY

By Alice Tisdale Hobart

DO YOU remember reading *Oil For The Lamps of China*? You could not easily forget. It is like meeting two fine old friends to have Stephen and Hester Chase return to America to continue their search for a home and future in *Their Own Country*. But it is a far different country than the one they had known. Abundant opportunity had slipped away leaving desperation, cold fear, and dread for the worker. Caution, suspicion, calculation, and economic temerity had taken possession of the employer. And working between the two was the well known snake-in-the-grass, the exploiter. In this novel Stephen is the efficient, upright, and responsible employee; his old friend, Joe Tuttle is the generous, shrewd, but kindly capitalist. Jim Doogan in New York is the typical racketeer; in Kansas, Fred Stretz is the disgruntled worker, that plays into the hands of the trouble makers.

When Stephen saw the oil business in China slowly drying up, he sent Hester back to New York that their son might be born amid the comforts of their own land. Later Stephen was forced to rejoin them and the old struggle of a man for his family began. After numerous interviews he secured a position, a very good position, one that was too good to last. When it became a question of honor, Stephen chose to search anew. The search leads him to Kansas to

manage a plant for his friend, Old Joe Tuttle. It is a long hard fight. When security seems almost at their door the old evils thrust out their ugly heads and again Stephen and Hester have to start over.

Is there any security today for the honest, eager intelligent worker who wishes to give his family a decent home and to become an integral part in his community? The author does not answer the question but she shows a remarkable understanding of conditions in the East and in the Middle-west, just as she previously gave us such a fine picture of struggling forces in China. Mrs. Hobart's story has a deep and tender appeal to every right-thinking ambitious person with its dramatic interest entwined about the principal unit problem of society: the family and its security.

FREEDOM UNDER GOD

By Fulton J. Sheen

WHEREVER the radio is in use in this country the voice of Monsignor Fulton Sheen has been heard. It is familiar to the members and friends of Our Faith as well as to the Fascist, the Nazi propagandists and the Communistic shouters. Tirelessly he has spoken and written of the enemy in our midst, tempering his comments with the clear, calm arguments of logic and reason rather than the wild bombasts of hatred and violence.

Freedom Under God is a mighty plea for liberty, not liberty as it is

preached by the soap-box orators of Washington Square but a liberty of soul, of heart and mind.

Liberty of the true Christian considers first the welfare of neighbor, considers man as an individual and not a cog in the machine of collectivism. It tells of a liberty that begs not for the annihilation of the Capitalist but the upliftment of the worker, a liberty that recognizes that neither can exist without the other. "It is not Capitalism we must purge, but sinful Capitalism; it is not our neighbor we must hate, but ourselves for hating our neighbor, for the Kingdom of Heaven is gained by violence of this kind and only the violent shall bear it away."

Here in simple clarity is presented the problem of the common man. Confused by the babble of voices all about them, harassed with the economic dangers that dog their footsteps it is little wonder that good men lose their way and find themselves in the enemy camp. Phase by phase Monsignor Sheen explains the dangers, shows the one and only way. With gospel illustrations simple parables, direct questions, and powerful arguments he shows the evils that false liberties will produce and are producing under the three "anti-American" ideologies. But he warns that an irreligious democracy can be just as intolerant as a dictatorship and that freedom has its own limits. A social order cannot be reconstructed by starting with equality, "for inequality is necessary to

society." In his familiar dynamic and colorful style Msgr. Sheen pleads for a Society that will follow but one sign along the high road of Liberty: the sign that points to the Cross.

THE SUBLIME SHEPHERDESS

The Life of St. Bernadette of Lourdes

By Frances Parkinson Keyes

WHEN Frances Parkinson Keyes completed her life of the Little Flower we were promised a biography of Bernadette of Lourdes. Meanwhile Mrs. Keyes became a Catholic, wrote or completed other books and when she finally came to France it was to find the military all about, and the Hotels closed to her. Luckily however the Sisters of Lourdes offered their hospitality and *The Sublime Shepherdess* was written in the shadow of the Convent where Bernadette spent six years of her life. No noise of the outside world reached the writer while she worked at the *Clinique Bernadette* and the book was completed on the French freighter which brought her safely to America.

You will like to dwell on the pages of Frances Parkinson's story of the peasant maid of Lourdes. Though the narrative may not be new to you its peaceful flow of words, its gentle unfolding of a meek but firm character fascinates you. You follow the familiar story with the interest that ever envelopes the beautiful and the true.

The physical aspects of Lourdes, the facts that lie back of Bernadette lead Margaret Blanton to relate the story she discovered. But for Frances Parkinson Keyes the charm of her subject lies in the higher service as expressed by Pius X, "She brought the world into the closest possible touch with the mystery of Christ the Savior."

Eager to make herself clear the author writes: "I believe that Bernadette brought the world close to Christ because her self-respect was such that nothing could undermine it . . . because she was cheerful and industrious . . . because she had such a rare gift of distinguishing the material from the spiritual and for

weighing the merits of the two . . . because she had so much resignation . . . she was so sincere . . . she set the example of saying short and simple prayers and because she brought us close to the Saviour through her own intimate acquaintance with Him." This little book will bring you close to the tranquil little Shepherdess nun, and she the Saint will bring you closer to Mary and her Son.

THE MOTHER OF JESUS

By Henri Morice

COUNTLESS books have been written about the Blessed Mother and certainly those by French writers are among the greatest. The reflections, *The Mother of Jesus* by the distinguished French writer Morice, emphasize the striking resemblance between Jesus and His Mother. We find them sharing the same thoughts, using like expressions and reacting in the same manner to events about them. He pictures the Mother and Son in the natural setting of their little home: Mary the Mother, the nurse, the Child utterly dependent upon her care, sensitive to pain and to cold, to joy and to sorrow. The school boy Jesus, memorizing the verses of the Bible, writing the beautiful Hebrew characters, astonishing the Doctors in the Temple but obedient to the call of His Mother. The exquisite delicacy of character common to both Jesus and Mary is well-shown at the feast of Cana, Mary certain of His power, unwilling to insist on the miracle, anxious to save her hosts from embarrassment merely whispers the need to Jesus. His time has "not yet come," still He does not permit the request to go unheeded; His response is but the completion of her thought.

The humble resignation of Mary at the Annunciation recalls the Son's acceptance of the bitter chalice in the Garden of Gethsemane. In the lyric chant of the Magnificat "we recognize a forecast echo of the Sermon on the Mount. It leads us to surmise the doctrine and the soul of Jesus."

In the closing chapters the author refers to Mary as Queen of France and recalls the favors she has con-

ferred upon that Nation. As the translator infers other nations will be surprised to hear that France is "unique" in claiming Mary as their Queen. In fact Mary is the Queen of all Christian Nations and amid the present turmoil they are cultivating greater and greater devotion to her knowing that she alone, can, through her mediation, save the world.

The subject matter of this book carries many practical thoughts, much material for meditation but between the translator and the writer something has been lost. At times the sentences flow with poetic rhythm and again they fall flat and harsh. But the work has a place in your Mariology.

HEART OF THE MASS

By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

THIS is another of those exquisitely bound little booklets that one likes to have lying about.

Heart of the Mass is part of a series written by Father Donnelly. Here he reviews the life of Our Lord as interpreted in each part of the Mass, beginning at the foot of the Altar with the Incarnation—with the Nativity, at the Gloria, and so on to the final blessing when we are reminded of the gifts of the Holy Spirit first received at Pentecost.

The Second part consists of meditations on the words and ceremonies of the Mass. The booklet is an excellent companion to your Missal for it will do much to increase and intensify your devotion while reading the latter.

September Book Shelf

Their Own Country, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Published by Bobbs Merrill. Price \$2.50

Freedom Under God, by Fulton J. Sheen. Published by Bruce. Price \$2.25

The Sublime Shepherdess, by Frances Parkinson Keyes. Published by Messner. Price \$2.00

The Mother of Jesus, by Henri Morice. Published by Kenedy. Price \$2.00

The Heart of the Mass, by Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. Published by Benziger. Price \$1.00

She's Not So Strict!

Leslie E. Dunkin

"OUR SON, Dick, is going quite regularly now with a girl from your church, the St. Joseph Catholic Church," commented a Protestant friend of ours, while we were in their home one evening.

"He is?" I tried to keep my increased interest out of the tone of my voice. I knew only too well how much this mother had done to get her son, a recent high-school graduate, active in their local Protestant church. She had been only partially successful.

"Yes, Ann is a Catholic," continued Dick's mother. "But it seems she's not so strict a Catholic as some are."

"Not so strict?" I puzzled, to make sure of what she meant by this expression.

She explained that Ann did not seem to know many of the reasons why Catholics do or don't do certain things in connection with their Church. She had done it largely because she knew she was supposed to follow that plan. She was quite hazy on many of the Catholic beliefs. Dick's mother added that Ann had never asked Dick to attend any of the services of the Catholic Church. She would excuse herself from the group to go to Mass, when that was necessary. If it was too inconvenient to go to Mass, she would not go.

"She explains that she'll go to confession and be forgiven for missing Mass," continued Dick's mother, "but I wonder whether she really does that."

"I suppose that relieves your personal worry over Dick's keeping company with her, a Catholic?" I suggested, eager to get her reaction toward the immediate situation.

"No, it doesn't!" Dick's mother acknowledged. "In fact, it has increased my concern

over what really to expect, if this continues."

"Do you think that Ann is merely pretending this indifference toward the Catholic Church?" I asked curiously. "And then when she has a firm hold on Dick with a promise of marriage, she will insist upon his becoming a Catholic?"

"No, it isn't that!" came her prompt reply. "In fact, I'd feel better if I knew that even that were true."

"What then?" I puzzled. "What worries you the most about Dick's situation?"

"You see it's this way," Dick's mother explained. "Dick is a leader in all his contacts with others, except when it comes to the home and to religion. With those two, he follows others and gladly does what they may want."

"Then you're really fearful lest Dick might become a Catholic. Is that it?" I countered with direct sincerity.

"No, it isn't that!" she insisted. "In fact, I'd be only too glad to have Dick become a Catholic, if he would be sincere and loyal in his new Faith."

"Tell me what's troubling you then!" I urged.

"Ann may become Dick's wife and later be the mother of Dick's children, the director of their new home," concluded his mother. "If she's not a strict Catholic now, I'm afraid she'll not be strict for any religion for herself and Dick and their children. I'd honor and welcome Ann much more for Dick, if she were sincerely strict as a Catholic now."

"I wonder if Ann realizes this!" I puzzled to myself for some time after that revealing conversation. "I wonder if all Catholic young people realize this thought about such situations."

CHRIST IN THE KITCHEN

George Thoma

AT OUR mother's knee, or at the feet of a pale nun robed in black serge, all of us learned early in life to know and to love the Christ of Bethlehem, the Christ of Calvary, the Christ present on the altar of the Parish Church where dad took us to kneel during a lengthy High Mass of a Sunday morning.

But for a reason not too well known to the writer, we failed somehow to learn much, at home or in school, of the Christ of the Kitchen, the office, the factory, the street. There is a vague memory, associated now with the Doctrine of the Mystical Body, which had to do with pennies given to poor old beggars, because "it could be St. Joseph" . . . trying out the charity of those who came to him for the myriad things that people used to go to St. Joseph for, among them employment on those rare occasions when a gawky high-school graduate could not readily find work; and I remember when we children had to get up the next morning for an early Mass, with face buried deep in hands we would murmur an ardent plea to St. Joseph not to let us oversleep.

But Christ in the kitchen, Christ in the shop, never were very clearly brought out, in spite of an early-formed habit of conscientiously reciting "The Morning Offering" at the foot of the bed in younger years, and later during the hurried process of washing and shaving. I don't know whether many people still dedicate their day to Christ. It is a rather personal question to ask anybody, even though tremendous strides have been made during recent years to break the shackles that have made the name of Christ a taboo in polite circles, except when used in a very untheological sense.

Dedicating the day to Christ is very closely associated with the idea of Christ in the kitchen and in the shop. In fact, it is just about the same thing, equivalent indeed, I understand, to

the old phrase St. Ignatius used to employ, "All for the honor and glory of God."

I am eager to talk about this thing of dedicating the day to Christ because I feel that a great deal of solid spiritual gold is going to waste these days. All too many thousands of good people have forgotten or never learned about the tremendous spiritual value of simple things like baking, sewing, typing, running a billing machine and the like, when those human actions are simply and quietly dedicated to the honor and glory of God. And I do want to point out right now (the Reverend Editor of this publication will correct me if I am wrong) that God is tremendously interested in a great many other things besides the prayers and penitential works of priests and nuns, things exactly like baking and sewing and running a punch press.

It is not too hard to understand, I think, that baking, typing, shoveling coal, and sorting mail are good works in the very broadest sense of the word. They have as their ultimate purpose the welfare and happiness of some individual or group of individuals. They will ultimately mean bread, clothing, heat, shelter, happiness for somebody, somewhere. Else they would have no place in our economic system.

Now if things like cooking, cleaning, answering letters, driving a truck, are *good things* in themselves (do I hear any objections?) then it must be quite clear by this time, that their performance can win for us a spiritual reward proportionate to the reward promised to the "giving even of a cup of cold water." But you will remember that, in order to win a treasure in heaven, where such treasure would be guaranteed burglar-proof, moth-proof, and rust-proof, the cup of cold water was to be given in a certain way. "IN MY NAME," He said. A little thing like giving a cup of water becomes 24-karat gold because it is given "in His name." A big thing, like cooking a roast, or making last

year's curtains do for another year, or piloting a ten-ton truck around eight hours a day . . . ah, can these things be without their spiritual reward when they are done "In His name"? I was explaining this to a friend of mine named Henry, and when I got to this point he said he'd begun to understand what I meant when I had spoken of "wasted spiritual gold."

The way this business of doing things "In His name" works out is not exactly easy to explain. We have to more or less take Christ's word for it. A theologian could make it all clear just like that, but anyway, the general idea is that when you or I volunteer to dedicate our day's work to Christ, we are more or less acting as proxies of Christ, just as you might say, if you were a lawyer, "Well, my client isn't here, but I am empowered to speak and to act *in his name*." The only difference is that Christ, by a tremendous spiritual operation He performed on Calvary, more or less spiritually engrafted us to Him and Him to us, as they graft trees in Texas and California. So when we speak of doing things in His name, there is a

deep meaning in those words. It is vaster than our imagination can comprehend. But it is there, just the same. It makes it almost as if Christ Himself were standing in our shoes when we do something good, like baking, typing, shoveling coal, in His name. And that's what God the Father sees. And that's what he rewards.

So, after all, it isn't just imagination when we speak of Christ in the kitchen, Christ in the factory, Christ in the office, Christ "going about doing good" in every field of human endeavor. It all comes true when we dedicate our day to Christ, when we promise Him in the morning that all day long we will do our good deeds "in His name."

My friend Henry was quite sold on the idea of dedicating the day to Christ by the time I had finished speaking to him. And all I hope is that by the time my kids are ready for school, a regular part of the curriculum will be teaching about "Christ in the kitchen." Or maybe it would be a good idea for me to start teaching it to them myself.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

POLISH OR PAINT



"Every man setteth forth good wine." St. John 2:10

IN THE Book of Ecclesiasticus we read: "Wine was created from the beginning to make men joyful." (31:35) To add to the joy of the guests at the wedding feast at Cana Jesus changed water into the choicest wine. The chief waiter, marveling at its excellent flavor, may have asked the Savior for the recipe that he also might make some for "home consumption." The lesson that Jesus would give all newlyweds by His first miracle is, that if they would keep their married life from becoming "watery" and insipid, they must always set forth good wine, a wine of their own making. The essential ingredient of this good wine that makes for a happy married life is the virtue of politeness, which is nothing else but the refinement of charity.

The intimacy of family life is apt to bring out the "seamy" side of the character of the husband and the wife. A "close-up" reveals the warts and wrinkles. Familiarity breeds contempt unless counteracted by mutual respect. The friction of daily life will rub off the skin-deep paint of put-on proper behavior, but it will put a permanent polish, a dazzling lustre on the sterling virtue of true refinement. If the niceties of refined society were made the rule of daily life in the privacy of the family it would make of the humblest home a veritable paradise without any sour apples or grapes. Perhaps the man who said: "Each day I woo my wife anew," found the true recipe for making this good wine.

A Letter from Father Abbot

St. Meinrad's Abbey
St. Meinrad, Indiana
August 25, 1940

Dear Reader of the Grail,

Ten months ago a priest died. Being an Alumnus of our Seminary he left some money for Masses to be said in our Abbey. His Last Will stipulated that this money was to be sent to St. Meinrad's Abbey for these Masses. Someone has discovered that the Last Will lacked the formality required by the State. Accordingly, it is really not a Last Will, and the Judge is now being asked to decide that the priest in question died intestate.—This is nothing new. The same thing happens again and again, and therefore it is wise wherever possible to provide for Masses in a better and surer way than by Last Will.

In last month's issue of *THE GRAIL* we carried an article about Gregorian Masses that apparently appealed to many. Now we are going to surprise many by showing them how they can personally provide for Gregorian Masses to be said for themselves. You can order them right now or any time during your life, to be said immediately after your death—not many months after your death as in the case of many Last Wills.

On receipt of the thirty dollar stipend sent to our Abbey with the request that Gregorian Masses be said for you after the time of your death, we send to you a Certificate. This Certificate comes to you folded and placed inside a stamped envelope

bearing the address of our Abbey. On the envelope there is also a special delivery stamp; and around the envelope is a note explaining that immediately after your death this envelope should be sealed and mailed. It is not even necessary to write a letter of explanation. There is no hunting of paper, address, and stamps. This all helps to guarantee promptness.

I like to call such a Gregorian Mass Certificate "The Best Fire Insurance Policy." We wisely insure our houses, barns, furniture, and autos against loss by fire. More wisely still can we insure our own being against the flames of Purgatory—at least to some extent. This policy requires no annual payments. There is one down payment and the policy is yours for life, to benefit you immediately after death.

We were lately not a little surprised at the inventive charity of some good persons who gave Gregorian Mass Certificates to others as gifts: A mother to a daughter; some friends to a Nun; some grateful persons to a good priest. A wonderful gift, indeed! Such a gift will be a life-long reminder of the charity of the donor. It will be usable after death, when help is precious.—How should you like to have a Gregorian Mass Certificate amongst your most valuable papers where it would be found immediately after your death?

Yours most cordially,

Ignatius Esser, O.S.B.

Abbot

Good News on Handbills

Mary Lanigan Healy

EVEN PUMPING up enough water for the family laundry wasn't hard work today. Rose Brogan paused just before she tipped the last bucket full into the rinsing tub. At her feet Davy was slowly pulling a wide grass blade between a chubby thumb and forefinger and his round face was intent on the wonderful squeaking noise thus produced. Behind her was the low drab toned house, so like all the other hastily erected ones of the town. When men had their mind on gold streaked ore, they didn't pay much attention to other things. The house was like a shabby old toad squatting on the ground with nothing of the elegance of the mountains. But the house had a roof and it had walls and it kept the five Brogans safely together. That was enough. The mountains marching always on either side did other things for the Brogans. Not just a wage for Dave Brogan either.

Her eyes lifted high and shining, Rose Brogan spoke suddenly aloud, "Imagine. A chance to hear Mass again!"

Davy looked up at his Mother and she smiled into his inquiring face. "I guess Mama was talking to those old hills, Davy, but I'll tell you too. There's a handbill tacked up on the wall of McCormack's Grocery Store and what do you think it says? Printed plainly as anything and with a picture to prove it, it says that two priests are actually coming here to Long Hike. They're coming in an auto and they're bringing a trailer hooked on with an altar all set up for Mass."

Davy's face wrinkled up with delight. Davy was a good listener, like the mountains. A woman had to do with what company she could find in such a place as Long Hike, with one hundred miles of Mountain road between its cluster of inhabitants and the nearest railway station. Rose used her free hand to pat the little boy's head and he pressed against her in baby content. The mountains just hunched their big shoulders against the sky and one filmy cloud floated between. It looked like a big handkerchief one of them had dropped.

Glug! The bucket was tilted so the fresh water plunged into the tub.

"I'll tell you Davy Brogan, there'll be no washing done by your Mother this time next week. I've got everything in here except those overalls of yours and the clothes the girls wore to school. Why, if I'd known in time maybe Daddy wouldn't even have

gotten out with the shirt on his back. Clothes have to be washed Davy but between you and me, I think Mary's idea was smarter than her sisters. In other words, Mrs. Brogan will be going to church next week."

"Da! Da!" remarked Davy and Rose donated a clothes pin toward his entertainment.

"Why Davy, it's over a year since I've been inside a church. Funny thing too, I won't even be in a church now. I've heard that these traveling priests say Mass right out doors under the sky." Before she leaned over the wringer, she gave the mountains a brief smile. After all this affair was definitely a concern of theirs.

Rita and Katie had heard the news on their way home from school.

"Mama, Mama! Bobby Nichols and Ralph Stevenson went all over town on their bikes, tacking up signs. And guess what!"

She couldn't deprive Kathie of her coup, "Tell me dear!"

Rita snatched the scoop from the tip of her little sister's pink tongue. "Priests are coming to Long Hike. Next week, it says."

"In a trailer." Kathie neatly wedged back in.

"That's wonderful girls."

"What will Daddy say," pondered Kathie.

"What'll Daddy say about what?" No one but Davy had seen the booted figure coming up the walk. Davy couldn't do much about it, being as he couldn't yet walk.

"Priests, Daddy!"

"Where?" David put a hand over his eyes Indian fashion and pretended to peer into the obvious corners of the square front room.

"No, Daddy, on a handbill!"

David gave his lunch pail to the baby to tinker with and placed the kiss on Rose's lips that officially brought him back to them. Then his grey eyes suddenly lost their twinkle. "Listen, darlings. I know about those hand bills and I think it's wonderful to have priests on their way to Long Hike. And since someone asked it I'll tell you right here and now what Daddy has to say about it."

"What?" Katie's large grey eyes widened as they searched those other ones. "I think that all of us should kneel right down and say a little prayer of thanks for this chance to hear Mass and go to Holy Communion after so long."

"But I haven't made my first Communion." Kathie was distressed.

"We'll see about that, honey, when that trailer comes."

As they all said the Hail Mary, together, Rose suddenly wanted to cry. Silly of her too, because she was happier than she'd been for ever so long.

All during supper, Katie's eyes were wide and luminous.

"Mama, do you really think I can make my First Communion?"

"It depends on what the Fathers say and how carefully you review your lessons and prayers this week."

"Who'll walk in the procession with her?" Rita was lofty lest any one at the table forget the impressive surroundings of her own communion when the Brogans lived in St. John's Parish, away on the other side of the hills.

Rose assured Kathie with a pat on her round sun tanned arm, "We'll all be in Kathie's procession."

When the dishes were washed and stacked on the sturdy shelves above the sink, Rose took out the limp, much used copy of the Baltimore Catechism and watched the two earnest faces in the flickering of the candle light as Rita and Kathie gravely recited aloud.

"I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth..."

Outside in the darkness the mountains of His creation watched over the flat little shack where the Brogans lived.

There was a great deal to be done during the next week. Rose must have startled the place with her intensified onslaught. As though it wasn't always as neat and charming as a house and yard of its type could be.

Rose came alongside of Clara Cassidy as the latter was reading the handbill at McCormacks. Clara sniffed and jerked her red head toward the paper, "Huh! If these priests tended to their own parish they'd be better off than galavanting around the country in station wagons."

"Er... it says, trailer." The prim voice of the school teacher made mild amendment from behind.

"One and the same thing." Mrs. Cassidy insisted and she gave her shopping basket an undeserved thump against the counter as she almost rudely left Rose and Miss Marshall there.

"I was under the impression that Mrs. Cassidy was a Roman Catholic herself," observed the school teacher.

"She is," said Rose.

"Strange. Well I for one am looking forward to

this visit from these priests. I've wanted for a long time to learn more about your religion but I just didn't get around to it before. You know how it is in a city. One rarely ventures into a strange church unaccompanied by a member. Now it seems that the mountain is on its way to Mohammed." As Miss Marshall's face softened into a smile, Rose thought she must have been sweet looking as a girl. At the same time she thought that for a school teacher that reference to Mohammed was a bit out of place under the circumstances.

Jed McCormack came over with the special mixture of tea he'd been making ready for Miss Marshall. He also had a thin cookie for Davy.

"Well, Rose Brogan, I suppose you and my Misus are all set to form an altar society, just to make it more homelike?"

"Not exactly, Mr. McCormack, but there'll be lots of things for Ellen and myself to do." Rose felt pleased that as one of the few Catholic women in Long Hike she'd have some responsibility. Maybe Martha had felt sort of like that, that time in Galilee.

Jed chuckled: "And those poor Padres probably hoping against hope that the Ladies Aid did not exist this side of the Rockies." Rose arranged Davy's fat legs on either side of a ten pound bag of flour as she replied: "Just the same, I'm going home to bake a chocolate cake." As a matter of fact she baked a white one too.

On the day scheduled for the arrival of the trailer chapel, David was home from the mine and there had been no sign of the priests winding down Crippen Grade into the Valley. Rose could keep neither her mind nor her eyes off the road. When she kissed David and he caught the direction of her glance beyond him past the town and toward the sage brush covered foot hills he grinned at her eagerness. "Sister Annie! Sister Annie! Do you see anyone coming?" The next time she looked he teased, "Two if by land and one if by sea." In spite of that when they at last heard the music, David was the first one rushing out. Rita and Kathie shouted, "Here they come! Here they come!" The cry was taken up from every house out of which the people came. Like a friendly overture the music preceded the advancing car and before it was near enough to see more than that there were two black garbed figures in the driver's seat the music flew ahead coaxingly:

"Tell me the story I delighted to hear
Long long ago, Long ago!"

What a variety of stories that one of long ago had been to this handful of humanity in the hollow palm of the hills. There was Dad Elder, all decked

out in his swallow tailed coat and flowing tie striding swiftly but in strange dignity toward the moving car. In a loud and quavering voice the old man sang, "Onward Christian Soldiers, marching as to war." Dad Elder was a town joke, but at that moment he didn't seem ridiculous to Rose. Rather there was something splendid, something sincere about him. Perhaps he had been a minister of the Gospel once upon a time. What matter if his frock coat and singing voice were both a bit frayed? So too was Dad Elder, and Rose almost felt the compulsion to follow the old fellow's lead. It made one want to shout out some expression of inner exhilaration, the sight of that thing on wheels, the Canopy of Christ. A group of miners strode out from the pool hall leaving the radio blaring behind them. They took up the tune of the loudspeaker in lusty whistling accompaniment. By the time the trailer was drawn to a stop, everyone in Long Hike was clustered about. The driver of the car seemed very young, his reddish hair flaming in contrast with his sombre suit. His companion was older, stocky and broad of shoulder, a man not out of place among working men.

The Brogans drew slightly back from the crowd, the girls holding either of their mother's hands, the baby on David's shoulder. It was as though they found a sudden need for dignity.

Mrs. McCormack would have had the clerics as her guests for their first dinner in Long Hike but because of Kathie's First Communion, she conceded the honor to the Brogans. It was good to have priests at the family table and Rose was pleased when the food was eaten with relish: "Hot biscuits!" exclaimed Father Dolan. He was the one with the red hair.

"Such biscuits!" approved Father James.

As soon as Davy was in bed, Father James suggested that he examine Kathie to make certain she fully understood the reception of the Sacrament. Father Dolan went to the trailer confessional so as many of the resident Catholics as wanted could have an opportunity to receive Holy Communion. As Rose sat back in her living room and

watched the mellow candle light play across Kathie's earnest little face, she was aware of a catch in her throat at the beauty of this child of hers, of the sacredness of the moment.

"What is Holy Communion?"

"Holy Communion is the receiving of the Body and Blood of Christ."

Rose's whole being was a prayer to Christ to keep Kathie always as she was at that moment, "Suffer the little children to come to Me."

Early the next morning the sun was out and busy pressing the chill out of the clear and brittle air. Breezes bustled down from the highest peaks to make certain the Church of Christ was neat and tidy. Like a 'Christian Soldier', Dad Elder stood at vantage point near the auto of the priests and he was self-appointed usher. Probably the only absent inhabitants of Long Hike were the miners who worked that particular shift. Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy with an almost defiant air, pressed past the Brogans and knelt as near the front as they could manage. The school teacher seemed on the verge of taking notes at any moment. Abe Goldberg of the Long Hike theater said, "Good morning, Mrs. Brogan. Is this the Cathedral, or the Synagogue?"

"Both I think," smiled Rose. When the bell of Consecration chimed into the vastness of the valley, it seemed to Rose that it was an echo which might well have begun a good while back in B. C. It was a verification of the fact that there is a God, Creator of Heaven and Earth. It was the Voice saying, "This is My beloved Son in Whom I am well pleased." It was the plea, "Do this in commemoration of Me."

Kathie walked first, toward the Altar rail, her finger tips pointing to the sky, her hair shining through the soft scarf, which did duty as a veil. Rita followed and Rose knew David's step was close on hers. It was so beautiful. Suddenly Rose felt a need to share the splendor of the moment to ease her heart from bursting. There they were, her friends the mountains. In reverence, in awe, in deep devotion she confided, "God is so very good."

Early Sequence

Summer is passing so quickly,
You wonder, and ponder it well;
Soon all the vintage is gathered,
And harvested wheat bids me tell:
Blessing has come to the farmer,
Who offers to God what is due;
Even if hardship of planting
Develops the Soul within you;
Patience and toil have an ending,
And vigilance gathers reward;
Even the sparrows are feasting,
And cheer up the dawn for the Lord;
Autumn is coming to sweeten
The burden you carried so long;
Look to the orchard and meadow,
Then whistle the tune of a song!



Liturgical Week

Cecilia Mary Young

We offer up
to thee, O Lord, the chalice of salvation,
beseeching thee that of thy mercy our sacri-
fice may ascend with an odour of sweetness
in the sight of thy Divine Majesty, to avail
for our own and for the whole world's
salvation. Amen.

ALITURGICAL Week will be held in Chicago from October 22 to the 25th, when discussions by able leaders in the Liturgical Movement, both clerical and lay, will be held in eighteen different sessions. There will also be on the first morning a *Missa Recitata*, on the second day a *Missa Cantata*, and on the third day a *Missa Solemnis*, in all of which the congregation will actively participate.

All of the meetings will be held either at the Cathedral of the Holy Name or in the adjacent parish hall. His Excellency, Samuel A. Stritch, archbishop of Chicago, is the patron of the Liturgical Week. He will be assisted by the rector of the Cathedral, the Right Reverend Joseph P. Morrison, D.D., and by a committee of local clergy.

A group of monks representing several abbeys in America and functioning under the direct supervision of several Benedictine abbots in co-operation with other liturgical leaders have mapped out the program of liturgical study and practice for Liturgical Week.

Dom Michael Ducey, O.S.B., the executive secretary, wishes to emphasize that the meeting in Chicago is not in any sense a congress or convention, but that the entire proceedings will be conducted quietly, with little publicity, so that the best results of helpful collaboration may be secured from among the small group interested. The theme will be "The living parish—active and intelligent participation of the laity as members of the parish."

The name of Dom Prosper Gueranger is of particular interest when speaking of a liturgical revival, for it was due to the efforts of this celebrated Benedictine that the revival took place. The first abbot of Solesmes has left a wealth of material in his fifteen volumes on "The Liturgical Year," written to familiarize the faithful with the official prayers of the Church throughout the ecclesiastical year.

It is with this ideal in mind, that of bringing the faithful into a closer active life within the Church, which is only possible by living with the liturgy, that the present Liturgical Week has been planned.

Since Dom Gueranger was born in Sable in 1805 and died at the Abbey of Solesmes in 1875 as the first abbot of that celebrated monastery, he lived through days parallel to the present ones. Due to religious persecution the monks were driven several times from their monastery; there were wars and there were vandals who many times threatened the destruction of their famous church and sculptures.

A visit to Solesmes in the heart of France leaves an unforgettable impression. The monastery rises like a gigantic crouching lion of grey stone beside the peaceful strip of the Saone River. It towers above the surrounding prairie lands and like a medieval fortress appears to be guarding the valley. It has been a fortress indeed, for from that stronghold has emerged a vitalized force that brought new zeal into the practice of religion.

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